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HEINRICH HEINE.

In one of the old towns on the Rhine, I went to see a synagogue which tradition says was built before the Christian era. In Roman legions served certain Jews, who, stationed here on the frontier of Gaul, which had just been subdued, founded a temple of their faith. I felt that the low, blackened walls of time-defying masonry had, at any rate, an immense antiquity. The blocks of stone were beaten by the weather; the thresholds nearly worn through by the passing of feet; a deep hollow lay in a stone at the portal, where the multitude of generations had touched it with the finger in sacred observance. Within the low interior my Jewish guide told me a sorrowful legend, which was, no doubt, in part true, relating to a lamp burning with a double flame before the shrine. Once, in the old cruel days, that hatred might be excited against the Jews of the city, a dead child was secretly thrown by the Christians into the cellar of one of their faith. Straightway an accusation was brought by the contrivers of the trick; the child was found, and the innocent Hebrews accused of the murder. The authorities of the city threatened at once to throw the chief men of the congregation into a caldron of boiling oil if the murderers were not produced. Time passed; the rabbi and elders were bound, and heard already, close at hand, the simmering of the preparing

torture. Then appeared two strangers, who gave themselves into the hands of the magistrates, voluntarily accusing themselves of the crime. Into the caldrons they were at once thrown, from which, as they died, ascended two milk-white doves. Innocent, with a pious lie upon their lips, they sacrificed themselves to save others. To commemorate their deed, the lamp with the double flame had been kept forever burning within the low arch.

I walked one day through the *Juden-gasse* at Frankfort. The modern world is ashamed of the cruelty and prejudice of the past, and would like to hide from sight the things that bear witness to it. The low, strong wall, however, was still standing, within whose narrow confines the Jews were crowded, never safe from violence, or even death, if they were found outside at times not permitted. Many of the ancient houses still remained, the fronts discolored, channeled, towering up in mutilation and decay that were pathetic, as if they had partaken in the long suffering of their inmates, and were stained and furrowed by tears. From one of the battered houses came the family of *Rothschild*, to stand as the right-hand men of kings, and hold nations in their hands, exchanging the squalor of the *Juden-gasse* for palaces; but the old mother of the family would never leave the straitened home. She came to believe that the fortunes of her sons depended upon her remaining within the wall. She would go for a day's visit to her sons in their splendid abodes, but at night-fall always returned, and in the *Juden-gasse*, at last, she died. The Jews of to-day seem to take pleasure in contrasting their present condition with their past misery. They have chosen to erect their stately synagogue among the old roofs, upon the foundations even, of the wall with which the past tried to fence them off from all Christian contact.

In a certain sense, the most rationalistic thinker will admit that the Jews are "the chosen people of the Lord." For intense passionate force, there is no people among the

racés of the earth so remarkable. In whatever direction the Jew sends his feeling, is it not right to say that he surpasses in earnestness all other men? If the passion be mean or wicked, to what depths will he not descend? Fagin and Shylock are our types of the extremity of unscrupulous malice. But if his hate is bitter, a force just as great, on the other hand, appears in his love. Be it child or parent, be it mistress, friend, or wealth, the Jew's love is the most intense of loves. If the yearning takes an upward direction, it becomes the purest and most earnest of religions, voicing itself in psalm and prophecy, becoming concrete at length in the Christ, the outshining of God Himself. The spiritual energy of the Jew manifests itself very strikingly in the tenacity with which he clings to his nationality. Eighteen hundred years have passed since the race, in its old home, was conquered and driven forth to the four winds. Since then, what have they not suffered? Take the history of any of the civilized nations, and no page will be found quite so tragic as the story of its treatment of the Jews. Robbery and exile, torture and death—not a woe that man can inflict upon his fellow-man has been spared them, and the agents of the cruelty have often felt that in exercising it they were only performing service to God. Men chivalrous and saintly have persecuted the Jews almost in proportion to their chivalry and sanctity. Richard Cœur de Lion taxes and massacres them without mercy; in the mediæval cities the hands that were shaping the great cathedrals heap up faggots by wholesale for the Jew-burnings; Ferdinand and Isabella drive them forth by thousands; Luther turns from them with abhorrence. In the oppression to which the race has been subjected, nearly all forms of activity have been forbidden to it except money-getting—a narrow, sordid channel, but through that Jewish energy has rushed until, despised though the people were, they have had the world almost at their mercy. But beaten though their hands have been, their grip has

hardly relaxed a particle upon the traditions and customs they value. Even in outward traits there has been little change. Abraham and Mordecai confront us to-day in the streets with the very features of their progenitors of the same names, as they stand fixed on the monuments of Nineveh. Whatever softening they may undergo through the influence of modern ideas, Jerusalem, to multitudes of them, is still their holy city; the babe must undergo circumcision; for themselves and the stranger within their gates, the unleavened bread must be prepared at the feast of the pass-over. Tenacity—how marvelous! The world, with blow after blow of outrage and contumely, has not been able to hunt the life out of its grizzly Judean prey.

It is only yesterday, as it were, that a beginning was made of lifting the weight off the shoulders of the Jews. When Lessing selected a Jew to be the hero of his grandest play, the innovation was so unheard of as to mark his intrepidity more strongly, perhaps, than any act he ever performed. Even late in the eighteenth century Jews were massacred in Europe. Up to the time of the Napoleonic wars, in most countries they were a race of pariahs. They had scarcely any rights in the courts; on church holidays it was part of the regular celebration to hunt them through the streets and sack their houses; in some cities only twenty-five Jews were allowed to marry during a year, that the accursed race might not increase too fast. So late as 1830, the Jews in Hamburg were hunted with the old bitterness; even Solomon Heine, the richest banker in Germany, the man upon whose shoulders the prosperity of the city to a large extent rested, who had given whole fortunes in the most catholic spirit for innumerable charities and public ends, with difficulty saved himself from outrage.

A story, how long and how tragic! The Jew has paid back hate for hate, and scorn for scorn. I well remember going into the shop of a Jew in an ancient city, and, during our bargain, crossing his purpose in a way that aroused his

anger. The flash in his dark eye was of the hereditary wrath bequeathed to him from many generations of persecuted fathers, called forth by the son of the Christian, who stood before him; in the hiss with which his words came forth, I heard the serpent that had been gathering its poison for almost two thousand years.

Has the spirit of this race, so intense, so persistent, so trampled by persecution, ever found an adequate voice? Yes, a voice which is pervaded with all the melancholy that such long-continued suffering would cause, in which we seem to hear, sometimes, the saddest wailing; then, again, a terrible wit, sometimes, indeed, lightly playful, but more often resembling the laughter of a man mad through despair; in which, too, there is at times a gall and bitterness, as of the waters of Marah, poured out too indiscriminately upon the innocent as well as upon those worthy of scorn — the voice of Heinrich Heine.

He was born of Jewish parents, at Düsseldorf. "How old are you?" says a personage to him in one of his works. "Signora, I was born on the morning of New Year's day, 1800." "I have always told you," said the marchese, "that he was one of the first men of the century." The Heine family came from Bückeberg, a little principality between Hanover and Hamburg, whose insignificance Heine merrily hits off as follows:

"O Danton, thou must for thine error atone;
Thou art not one of the true souls;
For a man *can* carry his fatherland
Along with him on his shoe-soles.¹

"Of Bückeberg's principality,
Full half on my boots I carried.
Such muddy roads I've never beheld,
Since here in the world I've tarried."²

¹ It was a saying of Danton that "a man cannot carry his country on the soles of his feet."

² Deutschland, ein Winter Märchen.

His father seems to have been a sordid, trading Jew; his mother, however, was of quick, impassioned, energetic nature, with much taste in literature, art, and music. To her the son often makes allusion, and his attachment to her, "the old lady of the Damm-thor" (the name of the Hamburg gate near which she lived), is a redeeming trait in a character in which there is more to blame than admire. During his boyhood in Düsseldorf, he was a perfect type of the *gamin*, full of wit and mischief as an imp—a black-eyed, black-locked, elf-like little Jew, of unconquerable vivacity, whose Puck-like pranks kept the neighborhood alive, sometimes with amusement, sometimes with vexation. His poems preserve many childish reminiscences, but not in a more interesting way than his prose, in which he was not less a master. Of such recollections, which it is interesting to compare with the "Dichtung and Wahrheit" of Goethe, none are more interesting than those connected with the occupation of his native town by the French, portraying historic figures and the minute incidents of an interesting time with unexampled vividness. Whatever may be said of the Napoleonic occupation of Germany upon the Germans themselves, for the oppressed Jews it was a glorious deliverance from the thralldom of ages. Heine's descriptions naturally are full of enthusiasm for those blessing-bringing conquerors. Perhaps, at the present time, it is healthful to read them, when the Germans seek to justify the hard measure they have meted out to their western neighbors, by painting, with the strongest colors, the calamities which, in the past, their land has suffered at French hands. For the Jews, Napoleon, at his coming, lifted a terrible yoke, which, at his downfall in 1815, was again fastened to their necks, not to be removed until the uprising of 1848.

When Heine was nineteen he was sent by his father to Frankfort to learn business. Waterloo had come four years before, and in the restored order the Jews were thrust back

into the old condition. As one passes through the Judengasse, it is perhaps the most interesting reminiscence that can be recalled, that there, in the noisome lanes, moved the figure of the young poet, hearing with his fellows, at the stroke of the hour, the bolting of the harsh gates.

Soon after, we find him in Hamburg, where his uncle, Solomon Heine, was the money-king of the great commercial city. In the history of Hamburg the name of Solomon Heine is one of the most important. Its prosperity is largely due to his enterprise, and, at the same time, like many another of his race, he was distinguished for his benefactions, in which he showed the broadest charity. He seems to have been a man honorable and well-meaning in all his relations. He had children of his own, many nephews and nieces, and more distant relatives, and appears to have tried, with much painstaking, to do his full duty to his family, as well as to the world at large. His treatment of his nephew Heinrich has been called harsh, but it is easy to see there is a side to the story which partial biographers do not present. The old banker had no taste for literature, and when Heinrich appeared in his counting-room, behaving with more than the characteristic eccentricity of genius, he seemed to his uncle as unpromising among his numerous brood of fledglings as the ugly duck of the famous story of Andersen. During his entire life Heinrich received from the bounty of his uncle, and was remembered in his will. The gifts, to be sure, were moderate in amount, but perhaps that fact should be taken as a proof of Solomon Heine's wisdom. His nephew became, indeed, the first poet of his time, "the greatest name in German literature since the death of Goethe."³ During the greater part of his life, however, he was under ban in his native land, forced to live in a foreign city, his writings circulating surreptitiously, or, if permitted, subjected first to a rigorous censorship. As will be seen, the ruling powers

³ Matthew Arnold.

did no strange thing in treating him with severity; they only acted in self-protection. A portion of his work, indeed, aside from its political bearing, was actually immoral; nor was his life ever of a kind to satisfy those who held at all to propriety. Heinrich's relatives, who had expectations as regarded Solomon's wealth, treated him with much disfavor, leaving no stone unturned to set his uncle against him. They seem to have acted from the meanest motives; while hypocritically pretending disapproval, helping to swell their own portions by diminishing what might be given to another. The uncle's position was one of great difficulty; a man without capacity or accomplishments to judge himself of his nephew's genius, disapproving, moreover, to a large extent, of his writings and conduct, apparently anxious to do his duty. Perhaps it may be said he did all that could be expected.

Convinced, at last, that a business career was out of the question for the nephew, the uncle offered to pay his expenses during a university course. We find Heine, therefore, at twenty, going first to Bonn, then to Göttingen, with the idea of preparing himself to become an advocate. Even before this time he had been the victim of an unfortunate love affair, the lady being his cousin, who seems to have treated him heartlessly. Heine revenged himself by painting her portrait, under different names, in poems, showing first, in connection with this experience, that faculty for bitter speech for which he was to become so famous. It is pleasant to contrast with these the spirit of sonnets addressed, about the same time, to his mother. "Love," he says in one of them, "I sought in every street; for love I stretched out my hands and begged at every door." He describes further his effort to find love, declaring that he returned home, sad and weary, to find at last, in the eyes of his mother, the sweet love that was denied him everywhere else. At Bonn and Göttingen Heine became associated with men afterwards distinguished, with

many of whom, later in life, he came to stand in relations sometimes of friendship, but more often of hostility. The study of law was repulsive to him; he pursued, however, literature and history diligently, occasionally composing poems. Some breach of rules at Göttingen brought about his rustication, and he went to Berlin, coming here under the influence of Hegel, then the ruling spirit in philosophy, by whom he was transitorily affected. "To speak fairly," he says, "I seldom understood him; and only at last, by subsequent reflection, did I arrive at an understanding of his words. I believe he did not desire to be understood, and hence his involved fashion of exposition; hence, too, perhaps, his preference for persons who he knew could not understand him."⁴

But perhaps the circumstance of his Berlin life most important in its effect upon Heine was the intimacy to which he was admitted by Varnhagen von Ense and his wife, Rahel, people of elegant culture and brilliant gifts, whose *salon* fills almost the place in the literary history of Germany that is filled by the Hotel Rambouillet in that of France. The friendship of Heine for Varnhagen was one of his most permanent affections. Heine was contributing now to literary periodicals, and attracting much notice. It is creditable to him that, at this time, he admired Lessing ardently. "I am awe-struck," he cried once in *Unter den Linden*, "when I think that Lessing may have stood here." He saw much of the life of the city, which he described in a graphic, racy way, beginning to lay the foundation of his fame as a writer of brilliant prose—a fame which was to equal that which he gained as a poet.

Heine received his degree of Doctor in 1825, shortly before which time he published in book-form a collection of his poems, which in this way were widely circulated. Though the power of the singer is not yet at the full, the collection contained exquisite pieces. The influence of

⁴ Quoted in Stigand's "Life of Heine."

Romanticism is plainly to be seen. The poems are, in great part, pervaded by the melancholy coming from unrequited love, a mood into which the poet seems to have been brought through his unhappy passion for his cousin. His conception of love is far enough from being the highest, and sometimes a bold, cynical defiance of propriety appears, which grew upon him as he went forward.

Though Heine was winning fame, he did not yet give himself to literature. He hoped for a government position or a university professorship, for either of which the abjuration of the faith of his ancestors was necessary. This was resolved upon, and he was baptized into the Lutheran Church. The change was made purely from motives of expediency — his convictions having nothing to do with it. He had no faith in the doctrines of the church into which he was received. With the narrow spirit of Judaism which he left he had never had sympathy; though in his attachment to his race he was a genuine Jew, and had associated intimately with certain free minds among them who wished to take advantage of the gradually relaxing bonds to help their fellows to breadth and intelligence. The apostacy was far from praiseworthy, though Heine should not be blamed too sharply. Such abjurations were common, and regarded by many Jews as venial. In a measure, they were forced into the false profession, since only so did a career become possible. For years after, Heine's mind was ill at ease on this account, as appears from many passages of his letters. "I will be a Japanese," he writes; "they hate nothing so much as the cross. I will be a Japanese." The advantage he sought he did not gain; his position became more uncomfortable than before. The stricter Jews looked upon him as a renegade; the contempt felt toward him by narrow Christians was not affected by his change. As if to show he was still a Jew at heart, he undertook at this time a novel, the "Rabbi of Bacharach," a picture left incomplete, but full of moving traits of the sorrow of the past.

In this period of his life Heine strikes into that mocking vein of writing which he preserved so constantly afterwards that his biographer declares there is no piece of his prose, excepting his will, which does not, somewhere, show it. He never suffered so intensely that he could not employ this inimitable raillery; no themes were so grave as to make it seem to him inappropriate. Leaving Göttingen for a journey in the Harz, he laughs mercilessly at his old associates.

“I have especial fault to find that the conception has not been sufficiently refuted that the ladies of Göttingen have large feet. Yes, I have busied myself from year’s end to year’s end with the earnest confutation of this opinion; and I have to this end attended lectures on comparative anatomy, made extracts from the rarest works in the library, studied, for hours at a time, the feet of the ladies who pass over the Weender strasse; and in the profound treatise which shall contain the results of these studies I speak (1) of feet generally; (2) of the feet of the ancients; (3) of the feet of elephants; (4) of the feet of the ladies of Göttingen; (5) I collect together all the remarks I have heard about these feet in the music-gardens; (6) I regard these feet in relation to their proper bodies; (7) if I can get paper of sufficient size, I will add thereto some copper-plate engravings, with portraits, life-size, of the ladies’ feet of Göttingen.” Again: “In front of the Weender gate two little school-boys met me, one of whom said to the other, ‘I will not walk with Theodore any more; he is a low fellow, for yesterday he did not know the genitive of *mensa*.’” A hit at the pedantry of the town.⁵ There is much, however, that is severer in his sarcasm. For Göttingen he seemed to have an especial hatred, and we cannot wonder that his old teachers and the people of the town felt incensed.

We cannot go with him step by step. He has arrived at

⁵ Reisebilder.

fame. A multitude of readers follow his pen with delight. His songs are everywhere sung; his witty and graphic prose commends itself no less. His *nonchalant* irreverence, which not infrequently runs into insolence and blasphemy; his disregard of proprieties; his outspoken scorn of the powers that rule, bring down upon him, not unnaturally, fierce persecution. He travels in various directions, his sparkling record keeping pace with his steps. For a time he is in England, a country which he hated. "My spirit sinks within me when I reflect that, after all, Shakespeare was an Englishman, and so belonged to the most repulsive set of people whom God in His anger ever created. What a repulsive people! What an unexhilarating country! A country which the ocean would long ago have gulped down if it had not been afraid of being horribly sick at the stomach—a people which will certainly hang itself, in the end, with a colossal ship's cable."⁶

Again, he is in Bavaria, in Munich, which Ludwig II. is trying to make the center of art and cultivation for Germany. "That the town should be called a 'New Athens,' is somewhat ridiculous. This I felt most deeply in my conversation with the Berlin Philistine who, although he had been talking with me some time, was impolite enough to miss all Attic salt in this New Athens. 'That,' cried he, 'is only to be found in Berlin. There only are wit and irony. Here there is good white beer, but truly no irony.' 'We have no irony,' cried Nannerl, the tall waitress, who came skipping by at this time; 'but you can have every other kind of beer.' I began to instruct her in the following manner: 'Nannerl, irony is not beer, but an invention of the Berliners, the most knowing people on the face of the earth, who are vexed that they have come too late into the world to invent gunpowder, and who therefore sought to establish an invention which should be equally important, and even be useful for those who have not invented

⁶ Preface to Shakespeare's "Mädchen und Frauen."

gunpowder.' 'Allow me,' said the Berliner, 'to interrupt you. What white, shaggy dog is that, without a tail?' 'My dear sir, that is the dog of the new Alcibiades.' 'But,' said the Berliner, 'where is the new Alcibiades himself?' 'To confess honestly,' I answered, 'the place is not yet filled up; we have, however, got the dog. Only the lowest grades are occupied; we have no lack of owls, sycophants, and Phrynes.'"

He goes to Italy through Tyrol. "Of politics the Tyrolese know nothing but that they have a kaiser who wears a white coat and red breeches. So much their old uncle told them, who heard it himself, in Imsbrück, from the black Sepperl, who has been in Vienna. When now the patriots clambered up to them, and expounded to them fluently that they had now got a prince who wore a blue coat and white breeches (Napoleon), then they seized their rifles, kissed wife and child, descended from the mountains, and got themselves shot for the white coat and dear old red breeches."

Heine at length reaches Paris, an exile from Germany, where the governments had become so incensed against him as to make him an outlaw. Henceforth the city is his home. He is constantly busy with writing, does much as a critic of art and literature, much in the field of politics. His poems are numberless; sometimes simple and sweet throughout as an outgush from the heart of the most innocent of children; sometimes with an uncanny or diabolic suggestion thrown in at the end, as the red mouse at length runs out of the mouth of the beauty with whom Faust dances in the Walpurgis-nacht; sometimes, again, full of a very vitriol of acid denunciation. He wrote much upon German topics for French readers, and, in spite of his outlawry, keeps himself before the German world by contributions to journals of position. He becomes interested in the religious and social doctrines of Saint Simon. His life is far from commendable, but he becomes at length the subject of a

sincere attachment. His loved one is a grisette, a woman quite without education, or the power of appreciating her lover's gifts. "People say," she said, "that Heine is a very clever man, and writes very fine books; but I know nothing about it, and must content myself with trusting to their word." She was, however, a woman of excellent heart, a faithful lover, helper, and companion of the man who chose her. For years their connection had not the sanction of marriage. When, however, he was about to risk his life in a duel, they were formally united to one another in the Church of Saint Sulpice, Heine wishing to do all he could to make her position comfortable if he should be slain. During the years that followed, their love deepened, and perhaps it may be said that in Heine's entire career there is nothing so creditable as his unwavering affection and care for his "Nonotte."

Theophile Gautier thus describes him: "A handsome man of thirty-five or thirty-six years of age, with the appearance of robust health. To look at his lofty white forehead, pure as a marble tablet, and overhung by abundant masses of blonde hair, one would have said he was a German Apollo. His blue eyes sparkled with light and inspiration; his round, full cheeks were of an elegant mould. Vermeil roses bloomed there in classic style; a slight Hebraic curve balked the intention of his nose to be Greek, without disfiguring its purity of line; his harmonious lips went together like two fine rhymes — to use one of his own phrases — and had in repose a charming expression. But when he spoke, from their crimson bow there sprung and whizzed pointed and barbed arrows and sarcastic darts which never missed their aim; for never was a man more relentless against stupidity; to the divine smile of Apollo succeeded the sneer of the satyr."

The story of the last years of Heinrich Heine is one of unparalleled sadness. He was attacked with a terrible disease — the softening of the spinal marrow; it stretched

him upon his bed, where he lingered eight years, enduring great agony. His body was, to a large extent, at length paralyzed. The sight of one eye was gone; he could only see from the other by lifting with his fingers the paralyzed lid. He wore out the weary years on his "mattress-grave," as he called it, nursed by his devoted wife. Propped up on pillows, he sometimes caught distant views of the street, where he envied the very dogs their liberty. The terrible chastening brought no softening to his spirit. It is a dark life almost everywhere; but as he lay stretched upon his "mattress-grave," there was a bitterness in his mocking, an audacity in his blasphemies, which the wildest declarations of his preceding years had not possessed. Yet, through all, he loved his wife, he loved the old lady of the Damm-thor, from whom he took the greatest pains to conceal his condition, lest she might be distressed. No moanings from an Æolian harp were ever sweeter than the utterances which occasionally came as the tempestuous agony swept down upon him. We see, too, a better side in his will: "I die in the belief of one only God, the eternal creator of the world, whose pity I implore for my immortal soul. I lament that I have sometimes spoken of sacred things without due reverence, but I was carried away more by the spirit of my time than by my own inclinations. If I have unwittingly violated good manners and morality, I pray both God and man for pardon." At length came February 16, 1856. A friend, bending over him, asked him if he were on good terms with God. "Set your mind at rest," said Heine. "*Dieu me pardonnera; c'est son métier.*" So, with a devil-may-care mock upon his lips, the child of the Jew in whom the spirit of the race, cruelly hounded through so many slow-moving centuries, at length found utterance for its sorrow, its yearnings, its agony, its implacable spite — went forth to his account.

That Heine was the most unaccountable of men will hardly need further illustration. In one breath he writes

the "Pilgrimage to Kevlaar," a poem which one would say must have come from the heart of an artless, ignorant peasant, full of unquestioning Catholic piety; in another it is the grotesque satire, "Atta Troll," in the course of which the conception entertained by pious hearts of Heaven and its denizens is burlesqued with unshrinking Mephistophelean daring. Here is his own description of a character full of contradictions, which might answer for himself: "There are hearts wherein jest and earnest, evil and good, glow and coldness, are so strangely united that it becomes difficult to judge them. Such a heart swam in Matilda's breast. Many times it was like a freezing ice-island, from which bloomed forth palm forests; many times, again, it was a glowing volcano, which is suddenly covered over by an avalanche of snow."⁷

The difficulties of rendering, in Heine's case, are perhaps quite insurmountable. Nothing was ever so airy and volatile as his wit—nothing ever so delicate as his sentiment. In the process of translation the aroma half exhales; what, as Heine has distilled it, is most searchingly pungent, is insipid in a foreign phrase; what causes tears, as it flows on in the German rhythm in pathetic, child-like artlessness, in English words sinks to commonplace. Let us, however, attempt it. There has not lived in our time such a master of brilliant, graphic description. Here is a passage from his child-life at Düsseldorf, which I quote from the "Book Le Grand." The book is named from an old drummer, who fills the boy with Napoleonic inspirations:

"As I woke, the sun appeared, as usual, through the windows, and a drum was going through the streets; and as I stepped into our parlor and bid my father—who still sat in the white gown in which the barber had been powdering him—good morning, I heard how the light-footed hair-dresser had told, while he was plying the curling-tongs all to a T, how that day, at the Town Hall, homage was to

⁷ Reisebilder.

be rendered to the new grand duke, Joachim Murat. As he spoke, drums were beating in the street; and I stepped to the house-door and saw, in full march, the French troops, the light-hearted sons of glory, who went singing and clinking through the world, the grave and gay grenadier guards, the tall bear-skin caps, the tri-colored cockades, the glancing bayonets, the *voltigeurs*, full of lustihood and *point d'honneur*, and the almighty great silver-sticked drum-major, who could reach with his stick up to the first story, and with his eyes up to the second, where the pretty girls sat at the windows. * * * I, with some other boys, climbed up the back of the great elector's horse [the statue in the market-place] and looked down on the motley crowd. Peter of next door and long Kurz made use of this opportunity nearly to break their necks, and that would have been a blessing for them; for Peter ran away from home, enlisted as a soldier and deserted, and was shot dead at Mainz; while long Kurz died in London of a too tight-fitting cravat, which collapsed of itself when a royal official took the plank away from under Kurz's legs."

Five years after, Heine saw Napoleon himself. "It happened even in the avenue of the castle-garden at Düsseldorf. As I peered through the gaping spectators, I thought on the deeds and battles which Monsieur Le Grand, the drummer, had told me of, and my heart beat quick-march. And the emperor, with his staff, rode right down the middle of the avenue. The quivering trees bent down as he came by; the sun-beams trembled curiously fearful through the green foliage; and in the blue heaven above him floated visibly a golden star. The emperor wore his well-worn green uniform and his world-historic little hat. He rode a white horse; and his horse moved along in such a quiet, proud, sure, distinguished way, that if I had been the crown prince of Prussia, I should have envied that horse. The emperor sate in a negligent way, almost hanging; the one hand held the bridle, the other patted good-humoredly

the neck of his horse. It was a sunny, marble hand—a mighty hand—one of the two hands which had bound down the many-headed monster of anarchy, and arranged the deeds of nations—and it patted good-humoredly the neck of his horse. His countenance had the same color that we see on Greek and Roman marble heads; the lineaments of the same were also as nobly cut as those of the old statues, and on his face was written, ‘Thou shalt adore no other gods but me.’ A smile which warmed and tranquilized every heart hovered over his lips; and yet we knew that those lips had only to whistle, and Prussia no longer existed; that those lips had only to whistle, and the priesthood had rung its last bell; those lips had only to whistle, and the whole Holy Roman Empire would be set dancing—and the lips laughed and the eyes laughed. It was an eye clear as heaven; it could read in the hearts of men, and saw in a glance all the things of the world; while we others can only see them one by one, and then only in shadow. The brow was not quite clear; the spirits of future battles were crowded there; and there went a quiver over the brow from time to time, and that was a thought of caution, one of those seven-leagued-boot thoughts with which the spirit of the emperor invisibly bestrode the world; and I believe every one of those thoughts would have given a German author enough stuff to write about for a whole life. The kaiser rode quietly through the avenue; no policeman stopped his way. Behind him on snorting steeds, and stiff with gold and jewels, rode his staff; the drums rolled out, the trumpets changed, and the people cried with a thousand voices, ‘Long live the emperor.’”

Once afterwards Heine saw Napoleon, in 1812, previous to the Russian campaign. “Never will this image disappear out of my memory. I see him even still, aloft upon his steed, with his eternal eyes in his marble, *imperator* face, looking down quiet as fate upon the guards defiling by. He sent them to Russia, and the old grenadiers looked

up to him with such awful devotion, so consciously earnest, so death-proud, *Te, Cæsar, morituri salutant.*"

I cannot help quoting still more: "I speak of the palace-garden at Düsseldorf, where I often lay on the grass and listened reverently when Monsieur Le Grand told about the warrior deeds of the great kaiser, and, at the same time, struck up the marches which were drummed during those deeds; so that I saw and heard everything as if living. I saw the march over the Simplon — the kaiser before, and the brave grenadiers climbing behind, while the frightened eagles screech, and the glaciers thunder in the distance. I saw the kaiser, color in hand, on the Bridge of Lodi. I saw him in his gray cloak at Marengo; on horseback, in the Battle of the Pyramids — nothing but powder-smoke and Mamelukes; at Austerlitz — *ei!* how the bullets whistled over the smooth, icy road. Jena, Eylau, Wagram — oh, I could not stand it! Monsieur Le Grand drummed until my own ear-drum was almost burst."

For the last time the boy hears the drummer. "Sitting on the old bench, in the palace-garden, I heard behind me confused voices. As I looked up I beheld those orphan-children of glory" [fugitives from the Russian campaign]. "Through the holes of their ragged uniforms looked naked misery; in their weather-beaten faces lay deep, lamenting eyes; and, although mutilated, weary, for the most part limping, they still maintained a kind of military tread; and, strangely enough, a drummer with his drum tottered before them. Verily, the poor French drummer seemed to have arisen from his grave, half mouldered away; it was only a little shadow, in a dirty, ragged, gray capote — a livid face, with a great moustache, which hung over ashy lips. The eyes were like burned-out tinder, wherein glimmered still a few sparks; and yet in one of these glances I recognized Monsieur Le Grand. He recognized me, too, and drew me down upon the grass. He drummed now as of old, but without

speaking. But if his lips were pinched together weirdly, his eyes spake all the more — gleaning victoriously, as he drummed the old marches. The poplars near us trembled as he thundered again the red march of the guillotine. Later, he gave the old struggles for freedom, and the deeds of the kaiser; and it seemed as if the drum was itself a living being, which took pleasure in uttering its inner joy. I heard again the roar of cannon, the whistle of bells, the tumult of battle; I saw again the courage unto death of the guards, the fluttering colors, the kaiser on his steed. But gradually a mournful tune crept into the exulting roll; from the drum pressed sounds in which were wildly commingled the wildest jubilation and the deepest lamenting. It seemed a march of victory, and, at the same time, of death. The eyes of Le Grand opened wide, like those of a specter, and I saw in them nothing but a wide, white field of ice, covered with corpses — it was the battle of the Moskwa. The drum-tones were like tears. They hushed gradually, and, like a sad echo, broke deep sighs from the breast of Le Grand. He grew more and more spectral; his dry hands trembled with frost; he sat as in a dream, drummed in the air, and listened, as it were, to far-away voices. At length he looked at me with a glance imploring, and deep, deep as an abyss; then his head sank in death upon his drum.”

The description of the cholera in 1832 has great power. “‘We are put into the sack one after another,’ said my servant to me every morning with a sigh, as he reported to me the number of the dead, or the departure of an acquaintance. The expression ‘put into the sack’ was no figure of speech; there was a deficiency of coffins, and the greater part of the dead were buried in sacks. As I last week passed by a public building and saw the merry people in the interior — the lively little Frenchmen skipping about, the neat little chatter-boxes of French women who were there smiling and jesting as they made their purchases —

I remembered that during the time of the cholera many hundreds of white sacks stood here piled one above the other, each one of which contained a corpse, and that very few voices, but then so much the more ghostly, were to be heard there, namely, the voices of the corpse-watchers, who counted the sacks over with wondrous indifference to the grave-diggers; and the latter, again, while they loaded their cars with them, repeated the numbers in a grumbling under-tone, or perhaps explained sharply aloud that they had given them a sack too little, whereupon a very strange altercation would arise. I remember, also, how two little boys stood near me with a piteous look, and that one of them asked me if I could tell him in which sack his father was." ⁸

The Germans have been accused of wanting greatly in wit and humor,⁹ but certain it is that this German Jew, more than any man probably of the present century in the civilized world, possessed these gifts. We must regard him as a genius coördinate with Aristophanes, Cervantes, and Montaigne. His conversation was full of it, even when he lay in the greatest misery on his "mattress-grave." He was asked if he had read one of the shorter pieces of a certain dull writer. "No," said he; "I never read any but the great works of our friend. I like best his three, four, or five-volume books. Water on a large scale — a lake, a sea, an ocean — is a fine thing, but I can't endure water in a spoon."

Once, at a time of great distress, the physician who was examining his chest asked, "*Pouvez vous siffler?*" "*Hélas, non,*" was the reply, "*pas même les pièces de M. Scribe.*"

In many of his poems he rattles on in the merriest, most *nonchalant* carelessness, shooting out, now and then, the

⁸ Die Cholera Zeit in Paris.

⁹ J. R. Lowell, essay on Lessing. Matthew Arnold.

sharpest darts of spite. Poor Germany was forever his butt, as in the following :

From Cologne, at quarter to eight in the morn,
My journey's course I followed;
Toward three of the clock to Hagan we came,
And there our dinner we swallowed.

The table was spread, and here I found
The real old German cooking.
I greet thee, dear old "sauer-kraut,"
With thy delicate perfume smoking!

Mother's stuffed chestnuts in cabbage green!
They set my heart in a flutter;
Cod-fish of my country, I greet ye fine,
As ye cunningly swim in your butter.

How the sausages reveled in sputtering fat!
And fieldfares, small angels pious,
All roasted and swaddled in apple-sauce,
Tittered out to me, "Try us!"

"Welcome, countryman," tittered they,
"To us at length reverting;
How long, alas! in foreign parts,
With poultry strange you've been flirting!"

A goose, a quiet and genial soul,
Was on the table extended;
Perhaps she loved me once, in the days
Before our youth was ended.

She threw at me such a meaning look!
So trustful, tender, and pensive;
Her soul was beautiful, but her meat—
Was tough, I'm apprehensive.

On a pewter plate a pig's head they brought;
And you know, in the German nation,
Its the snouts of the pigs that they always select
For a laurel decoration.¹⁰

What power of scornful utterance Heine possessed, the potentates of Germany who persecuted him felt to the

¹⁰ Deutschland, ein Wintermärchen.

uttermost—none more than Friedrich Wilhelm IV. of Prussia and Ludwig II. of Bavaria. Both were monarchs possessed of intellectual gifts, and with many good purposes. Each, however, was, in his own way, narrow, weak, and self-indulgent. Never had archer such a keen eye for the joints in the armor of his foes as Heine. Here are some stanzas from "The New Alexander," directed against the king of Prussia:

THE NEW ALEXANDER.

There is a king in Thule who drinks
Champagne—of that he's a great lover;
And always when his champagne he drinks,
His eyes go running over.

His knights in a circle about him stick—
The "school historical" truly;
When his tongue becomes with drinking thick,
Then hiccups the king of Thule:

"When Alexander, in the old day,
With his little bands unshrinking,
Had brought the whole world under his sway,
The hero took to drinking.

The war had given him such a thirst—
The beating so many nations—
He soaked himself till he nearly burst;
He couldn't stand such potations.

Now I, you see, am of mightier stuff;
More prudent in planning and thinking;
For I begin where the hero left off—
I put at the outset the drinking.

The hero's course, if I play the sot,
In the end I'll accomplish better;
For I, as I stagger from pot to pot,
Shall the whole creation fetter.

* * * * *

Champagne invites me—'the better land'—
Where flourish the pleasant juices
That fill me with inspiration grand;
The sorrows of life it reduces.

Here shall be proven my courage dread,
 Here shall begin the battle:
 Let such blood as a bottle holds be shed,
 And volleys of stopples rattle!

* * * * *

I reconcile two divine extremes:
 My trust is in the Lord Jesus —
 But, as comforter, your monarch esteems
 Bacchus: let Bacchus ease us!"

The touch of blasphemy in the last stanza is thoroughly Heinesque. I have ventured to give it, even at the risk of shocking the sensitive reader. No portrayal of Heine would be truthful which should omit that trait. The "Song of Praise in Honor of King Ludwig," however, few translators would care to present to English readers. I give a few stanzas, allowing the passage at the close to remain in the original. Its audacity and acrid malice can scarcely be paralleled. Stupidly brutal was the heel that sought to crush him; but the snake, writhing and rearing its crest, strikes with fangs so full of devilish venom that we are full of pity for the oppressor.

In the "Walhalla," the magnificent temple near Regensburg, built by Ludwig to contain memorials of the great men of Germany, Luther was neglected.

The simpleton Luther there to see,
 In vain the visitor wishes;
 As, in natural-history cabinets, we
 Oft find no whale 'mong the fishes.

King Ludwig is a great writer of lays;
 When he sings, the mighty Apollo
 Falls down on his knees, and begs and prays,
 "O stop; I shall soon be a fool, O!"

At length the king is represented as praying in the royal chapel, before the image of the Virgin, who bears the Christ-child in her arms; he begs for some sign of her favor:

Straightway stirs the mother of God,
Her lips with a message are moving,
She shakes her head with impatient nod,
And speaks to her infant loving.

“Es ist ein Glück dass ich auf dem Arm
Dich trage, und nicht mehr im Bauche;
Ein Glück dass ich vor dem Vorsehn
Mich nicht mehr zu fürchten brauche.

“Hätte ich in meiner Schwangerschaft
Erblickt den hässlichen Thoren,
Ich hätte gewiss einen Wechselbalg,
Statt eines Gottes geboren.”

The brilliant wit and poet must be judged with severity, however beneficial the scourging may sometimes have been which he administered. No further illustration is necessary that his wit was often distorted to cynicism, his frivolity to insolence and vulgarity. It is hard to believe that he was earnest about anything — art, patriotism, religion, or freedom. In multitudes of passages, both prose and poetry, he suddenly interrupts the expression of intense emotion by a grotesque suggestion which makes the emotion or its object ridiculous. In the “Sea Vision,” for instance, he represents himself as leaning over the side of the ship, dreaming that he sees in the clear depths the vision of a city which he describes minutely, with melancholy and passionate touches.

“But just at that time
Did the ship captain
Pull me hard by the leg,
Back over the vessel's side,
Saying, with horrid laugh,
‘Are you gone crazy?’”

For Napoleon, one would imagine that he felt the most genuine and earnest enthusiasm of his life. The “Book Le Grand” contains a passage full of power, in which he denounces England for her treatment of the emperor at St. Helena; yet as if an actor, after giving the curse of

Lear, should suddenly thrust his tongue into his cheek and draw his face into a grimace, Heine ends his denunciation with a laughable turn :

“ Strange ! a terrible fate has already overtaken the three principal opponents of the emperor : Londonderry has cut his throat ; Louis XVIII. has rotted on his throne ; and Professor Saalfeld is still always professor at Göttingen ! ”

Among English writers, Heine has points of resemblance with Sterne — still more with Byron ; but, to my mind, his closest English analogue in genius and character is Dean Swift. In Swift's career it is perhaps the pleasantest incident that he could attract the love of Stella and Vanessa, and feel for them a friendship which perhaps amounted to love. In Heine's honorable affection for two women — his wife, “ Nonotte,” and the “ old lady of the Damm-thor ” — we see him at his best. Both Heine and Swift were place-hunters who sought for advancement in questionable ways, only to be disappointed ; for both there was disease at the end that was worse than death. Such gall and wormwood as they could pour upon their adversaries, what sinners elsewhere have tasted ! With what whips of scorpions they smote folly and vice ; but who will dare to say it was through any love of virtue ? Both libeled useful and honorable men with coarse lampoons ; in both there was too frequent sinking into indecency.

But there was a field in which the bitter dean had no part with the sufferer of the “ mattress-grave.” Heine was not altogether a scoffer ; his power of touching the tenderest sensibilities is simply wonderful. In his plaintive songs the influence of Romanticism can be clearly seen, and also of the popular ballad, whose character he caught most felicitously. He assumed a certain negligence which gave his poems an air of pure naturalness and immediateness, whereas they were the products of consummate art.¹¹ But

¹¹ Kurz's “ Geschichte der deutschen Literatur.”

no poet has ever been able to convey so thoroughly the impression of perfect artlessness. The "Princess Ilse," for instance, one would say could have been written by no other than the most innocent of children.

ILSE.

I am the Princess Ilse;
To my castle come with me —
To the Ilsenstein, my dwelling,
And we will happy be.

Thy forehead will I moisten,
From my clear flowing rill;
Thy griefs thou shalt leave behind thee,
Thou soul with sorrow so ill!

Upon my bosom snowy,
Within my white arms' fold,
There shalt thou lie and dream a dream
Of the fairy love of old.

I'll kiss thee, and softly cherish,
As once I cherished and kissed
The dear, dear Kaiser Heinrich,
So long ago at rest.

The dead are dead forever;
The living alone live still;
And I am blooming and beautiful;
My heart doth laugh and thrill.

O, come down into my castle —
My castle crystal bright!
There dance the knights and maidens;
There revels each servant-wight.

There rustle the garments silken,
There rattles the spur below;
The dwarfs drum and trumpet and fiddle,
And the bugle merrily blow.

Yet my arm shall softly inclose thee,
As it Kaiser Heinrich inclosed;
When the trumpets' music thundered,
His ears with my hands I closed.

It is very pleasant, too, to read these lines to his wife, written on his death-bed :

I was, O lamb, as shepherd placed,
To guard thee in this earthly waste.
To thee I did refreshment bring;
To thee brought water from the spring.
When cold the winter storm alarmed,
I have thee in my bosom warmed.
I held thee, folded, close embracing,
When torrent rains were rudely chasing,
And woodland brook and hungry wolf
Howled, rivals in the darksome gulf.
Thou didst not fear — thou hast not quivered,
Even when the bolt of thunder shivered
The tallest pine. Upon my breast,
In peace and calm, thou layst at rest.

My arm grows weak. Lo, creeping there,
Comes pallid death! My shepherd care —
My herdsman's office — now I leave.
Back to thy hands, O God, I give
My staff; and now I pray thee guard
This lamb of mine, when 'neath the sword
I lie; and suffer not, I pray,
That thorns should pierce her on the way.
From nettles harsh protect her fleece;
From soiling marshes give release;
And everywhere, her feet before,
With sweet grass spread the meadows o'er.
And let her sleep from care as blest
As once she slept upon my breast.

Once at a critical time in our country's history, it happened to me to visit a negro school. We went from room to room among the dusky faces, until at last one said, "Let us have them sing." Presently the voices rose and fell in a marvelous song. Out of the windows the heavens hung somber about us; the dark faces were before us; the children of the race whose presence among us has brought to them, in each generation, tragedy so pathetic — the race that has brought to us, so innocently, such subject for controversy, such occasion for bloodshed, and on account of

which we still sometimes seem to hear such fateful thunder-mutterings of approaching disaster. The news of the morning had predisposed us to gloom; the associations now conspired to deepen it; the strange melody which came pouring forth seemed, somehow, singularly in keeping. There was in my spirit no defined feeling, but a vague unrest — at once a foreboding of calamity and yearning after peace. It was precisely the sentiment of the song. The singers seemed to feel it; we who listened felt it, and there were eyes whose lids trembled with the coming tears. It was the "Lorelei," of Heine:

"I cannot tell what it meaneth,
That I am so sad to-day."

The words, so simple, so infantile almost in sense, and yet with which is marvelously bound such tender feeling! As one repeats the lines they are almost nothing; yet caught within them, like some sad, sweet-throated nightingale within a net, there pants such a pathos! What could have been further away? What cared we then for the Rhine, and the sorceress who sings upon its banks, and the boatman engulfed in the whirlpool? What knew or cared the singers? But something indescribable came pulsing forth to us from out the words, and I felt that somehow it was the appropriate utterance for the mood in which we found ourselves; the thing to hear from the dark-faced youths before us — an undefined sorrow; a foreshadowing of danger all unknown and vague! Mighty the poet, I thought, whose verse can come home with such power in lands and among races so far away!

The child of the Jew he was — of the race among the races of the earth possessed of the most intense passionate force — and in him his people found a voice. Now it is a sound of wailing melancholy, and sweet as that heard by the rivers of Babylon, when the harps were hung upon the willows; now pure and lofty as the peal of the silver

trumpets before the Holy of Holies in the temple service, when the gems in the high priest's breast-plate flashed with the descending Deity; now a call to strive for freedom, bold and clear as the summons of the Maccabees. But think of the cup that has been pressed to the Jews' lips for almost two thousand years! The bitterness has passed into his soul, and utters itself in scorn and poisoned mocking. He cares not what sanctities he insults, nor whether the scoff touches the innocent as well as the guilty. Persecution has brought to pass desperation, which utters itself at length in infernal laughter.

A touching story is told of Heine's last walk in the Boulevards, from which he went home to the death in life he was doomed to undergo for many years. It was in May, 1848, a day of revolution. "Masses of people rolled along the streets of Paris, driven about by their tribunes as by storms. The poet, half blind, half lame, dragged himself on his stick, tried to extricate himself from the deafening uproar, and fled into the Louvre close by. He stepped into the rooms of the palace — in that troubled time, nearly empty — and found himself on the ground floor, in the room in which the ancient gods and goddesses stand. Suddenly he stood before the ideal of beauty, the smiling, entrancing goddess, the miracle of an unknown master, the Venus of Milo. Overcome, agitated, stricken through, almost terrified at her aspect, the sick man staggered back till he sank on a seat, and tears hot and bitter streamed down his cheeks. The beautiful lips of the goddess, which appear to breathe, smiled with her wonted smile at the unhappy victim."¹² Heine says himself, in a letter to the father of Lasselle:

"Only with pain could I drag myself to the Louvre, and I was nearly exhausted when I entered the lofty hall where the blessed goddess of beauty, our dear Lady of Milo, stands on her pedestal. At her feet I lay a long time, and I wept so passionately that a stone must have had compas-

¹² Adolph Meissner.

sion on me. Therefore, the goddess looked down pityingly upon me, yet at the same time inconsolably, as though she would say, 'See you not that I have no arms, and that therefore I can give you no help?'"

Of the spots associated with Heine there is none so interesting as that room in the Louvre. I stood there on a day when disturbance again raged on the streets of Paris. It was the end of August, 1870. In Alsace and Lorraine the armies of France had just been crushed; in the next week was to come Sedan. The streets were full of the tumult of war, the foot-beat of passing regiments, the clatter of drill, the "Marseillaise." On the Seine, just before, a band of *ouvriers* threatened to throw us into the river as Prussian spies. In the confusion the shrine of the serene goddess was left vacant, as at that former time. I found it a hushed asylum, the fairest of statues rising from its pedestal, wearing upon its lips its eternal smile. The rounded outlines swelled into their curves of perfect beauty; within the eyes lay the divine calm; on the neck, a symmetry more than mortal; all this, and at the same time the mutilation — the broken folds of the drapery, the dints made in the marble by barbarian blows, the absent arms. When one stands before the Venus of Milo, it is not unworthy of even so high a moment to call up the image of that suffering man of great genius — shamed from his sneer and restored to his best self in the supernal presence. May we not see in the statue a type of Heine's genius — so shorn of strength, so stained and broken, yet, in the ruin, of beauty and power so unparalleled?

J. K. HOSMER.

A WALK TO VALOMBROSA.

"Thick as autumnal leaves that strow the brooks
In Valombrosa, where the Etrurian shades
High over arched embower."

How smoothly the sonorous name flows with all its liquids into Milton's stately verse! There I first learned it, in the days when Italy had as yet no existence for me, save in cloud-land; for to the imaginative boy whose steps have not yet wandered beyond the narrow confines of his native state, all the storied scenes of the Old World, all the Utopias of the poets, are alike real and alike visionary. What though his school geography makes no mention of the one, while it fixes the other in definite latitude and longitude, and gives all the wearisome detail of "soil, climate, natural productions, commerce, and manufactures." Can a page of text-book, and a pink spot on the map, bring the land of Horace and of Dante into his every-day world? Nay, verily! When my young fancy first heard the leaves rustle in Valombrosa, Italy, as I have said, was still in cloud-land — just as truly floating there as that marvelous flying island the whole topography of which I had found in the veracious pages of Lemuel Gulliver's "Mariner." Nor do I think it would have affected me much had some cold-hearted critic demonstrated that no such Shadowy Valley could be found on the best Italian maps, and that the blind poet had only coined a musical name to suit his poetic needs. Had he not a right to do it? And if Milton had *created* Valombrosa, who was I, that I should refuse to believe in it?

But in after-years Italy came down out of the clouds, and was under my wandering feet. I ate my daily bread, and drank my daily flask of Monte Pulciano, under the substantial roof of the Casa Baronowski, in the Via Maggio,

at Florence. I had grown too old and wise to expect either Valombrosa or the flying island to make its first appearance as a far-off speck in the sky. The former was separated from me by only twenty miles of solid earth, easily compassed by American legs in five hours. Of course I went there.

It was in the chill, gray dawn of a May morning that I left Florence. One poor little shoe-black, shivering in a corner of the Piazza La Trinita, was the sole visible representative of the population of that famous city. Before I reached the Porta alla Croce, however, I met a second proof that I was in a land of the living. Two mounted *gensd'armes* came clattering along the narrow street, and chained to the stirrup of one was a not ill-looking youth of about twenty. In his fettered hands he carried his wardrobe, tied up in a cotton handkerchief. His feet bore the dust of a part, at least, of the same road over which I was going. The silence and loneliness all around seemed to bring us very near to each other, and force a painful contrast. What a rude awaking his must have been that morning! I thought of the gentle touch that aroused me to the day's pleasure, and the cosy cup of tea over which I consoled Hazel-Eye for the sad separation of thirty-six hours; and he was younger than I, and perhaps had looked for the last time on eyes that, to him, were as beautiful as hers.

But he went one way, to the Bargello, and I the other, to Valombrosa. I gave him at least ten minutes of sincere pity. Where he is now, when twenty years have passed since that May morning, I cannot guess; but there have been hours in those years when, had we met, he might have asked me: "Signor, if you had put your hands in my fetters that morning, and shut yourself up in the lowest dungeon of the Bargello, would you not have gained by the exchange?"

It was a relief to reach the Porta alla Croce, and pass from the lonely, high-walled streets into the fresh open

country. The earliest market-women had just reached there, too, and were waiting entrance. I passed through the cheerful and loquacious crowd, and struck into my morning's work at the steady pace of a practiced pedestrian. My road lay along the right bank of the Arno, at first over a level plain, with rich meadows sloping gently to the water's edge; then winding over low hills that occasionally gave a picturesque view as the sun came up and the fog receded into the hollows. Villages were threaded on the road here and there, like large beads on a child's necklace; but, like most Italian villages, they had no genuine country air about them. The stuccoed houses stand shoulder to shoulder on the line of the highway, and the whole collection looks like a sickly city street which has been sent out here for the benefit of fresh air. Remole and Pontassieve are the chief of them, and both have fine situations—the former on a bend of the Arno itself, the latter on the banks of the Sieve, not far above its junction with the larger river. My first rest was just beyond Remole, where I sat down at the foot of a wayside cross, and amused my leisure with making the following inventory of the ornaments tacked to it by rustic devotion. Wherever there is a lack of purse or piety sufficient for a carved image upon the cross, it is customary to append to it rude wooden representations of various objects connected more or less directly with the sufferings of the Savior. Thus, we had here, perched on the very summit, the cock that crowed to remind Peter of his apostasy; below him, and where it would have naturally been placed, over the Savior's head, was the inscription; and attached at random to the other parts of the cross were the crown of thorns, a cup, a knife, a hammer, nails, and a single hand; the scourge and pillar, pincers, a dagger, a pitcher, lantern, staff, and sponge; dice, the seamless garment, and a skull and cross-bones—all very nearly of uniform size, without regard to their original proportions.

Beyond Pontassieve the road leaves the Arno bank (diverging from the old Arezzo road which follows it), and strikes eastward over the hills. These grow higher as we advance, and the country loses its aspect of careful cultivation, except in a few choice spots. Trying a short cut through a little basin-shaped valley around which the high road swept, I soon found that I had trespassed, and *clausum fregit*-ed, as my learned friend Quidam would phrase it, on the grounds of a pretty villa, quite concealed beneath a group of shade-trees. It is not so much a matter of course to do this in Italy as it is in our free and not-yet-fenced-in country; and the highly respectable old gentleman in knee-breeches and black silk stockings, who was walking up and down, directing his gardeners, looked at my abrupt appearance over one of his fences with a mild astonishment. Luckily he understood French, for my Italian was altogether too lame for so elaborate an apology as the occasion demanded; and, instead of sending me back by the way I came, guided me to a pleasant walk through his orchards, and out again upon the high road at the point where I had expected to reach it. Then came still higher and more barren hill-sides, upon which some bare-legged boys and girls were tending a few straggling sheep. I asked two of them for a direction, and gave them a very small gratuity. Half a mile further on the same youngsters overtook me, much out of wind, but with faces expressive of earnest purpose.

“Signor, you gave us three *crazie*.”

“Well, my boys, was not that enough for answering a question?”

“*Oh, si, signor*; but then, you see, there are two of us, and we can't divide fair without your signorship makes it an even number!”

If such calm logic as that was not worth the additional *crazia, cui bono* Aristotle?

The village of Pelago now lay before and far below me,

in a narrow and rocky valley, surrounded on all sides by the bare-headed Apennines, except where it opens to the Val d'Arno. The little *albergo* at the entrance of the town looked so poor that I went by, to assure myself that there was no other; so, when I turned back at the end of the street, and it became evident that I meant to stop, my approach was heralded by a whole troop of urchins, all eager to be the first to announce to the hostess an event so important as the arrival of an indubitable *forestiero*. My slouched hat and shaggy beard, to say nothing of a thoroughly Teutonized wardrobe, had sometimes deceived more pretentious judges as to my nationality; but there was no hesitation in the intuitive feminine eyes of my smiling hostess. A family bible could not have proved my Anglo-Saxon pedigree more conclusively than the air with which she conducted me to her best room. She looked complacently around upon some half-dozen English prints which adorned the walls. It was as much as to say, "Milor will see that he is perfectly at home in Pelago!"

To the same effect was the daring suggestion of "*Bifstek e ove à la coque!*" with which she met my inquiries as to lunch. Roughly dressed, dusty, and afoot as I was, that decisive recognition of my natural tastes should have been sufficient evidence on which to take out an English passport. But I was hungry enough by this time to think more of my lunch than even of my nationality; and, small faith as past experience in Italian village inns had lent me for such a bold proposition, I gave it an emphatic assent.

Such boldness deserved success, and met it. The "*bifstek,*" and the "*ove,*" and excellent bread, and the soft white cheese which, in most of these villages, is the only substitute for butter to stomachs not trained to oil, all were good enough to put me in excellent humor with the dingy little inn. So I lounged on the sofa and studied the English pictures, and the much more amusing sketches with which various parties of traveling artists — caught here, perhaps,

by a rainy day on their scenery hunt — had covered the plaster, and chatted with the landlady, and listened to mine host's complaints of the late vintages — which I knew must have been poor enough, for I had just had some of the wine — and wrote up my note-book, and smoked divers cigars ; and before I got away from Pelago the forenoon was gone.

A lame boy piloted me out of the crooked little town, and over the ravine and brawling stream behind it, and into the bridle-path that would lead me to Paterno ; and all this service I got for nothing. It is true I gave the poor fellow a *paolo* at parting, but what was that in exchange for all the prayers for my welfare and commendations to numerous saints with which he repaid it? When I remember the ardor and quantity of the cripple's benedictions, and reflect on the sums I have spent at various times in trying to secure the good wishes of other people nearer home, it seems to me that I never, in any transaction of the kind besides, got such good measure of that commodity for the price I paid.

Paterno is an estate belonging to the monks of Valombrosa, and lies in a sunny, sheltered nook of the hills, surrounded by a high wall, to keep out sacrilegious coveters of the goods of Mother Church. The great iron gate was wide open, however, and I passed through it, from end to end, without meeting a living thing. It was the sultry noon-tide, when lay and spiritual powers are alike torpid ; and, for aught that I saw to prevent, I might have rolled in the bright green waves of the young grain, or renewed my youth among the dark verdure of the olive-branches, without waking monk or man from his *siesta*. I deemed it quite "too late in the day," both literally and figuratively, for any such diversions, and soon left Paterno behind me, unstartled from its sacred propriety by any heretical vagaries. The path now runs along the breast of one of the hills which project from the main mass towards the Val d'Arno, and once more strikes into a deep and narrow valley, with a

stream chafing along the bottom, and the dirty little village of Tosi hanging half-way up on the other side. There is a mill on the bank of the stream, where the path crosses it; but even its noisy clatter is hushed in the universal *siesta*. From here to the convent is one long and steady climb, a paved walk extending all the way. It winds steeply up the hill-side, under a sparse collection of chestnuts, which, scarcely beginning as yet to leave out, afford no protection from the hot sun. It was well that the fine views afforded at every successive turn gave the pedestrian — too proud to acknowledge himself fagged — an excuse for sitting down to enjoy them. Peasant women passed me bringing down huge loads of fire-wood on their backs; and here and there I overtook some old beggars crawling in the same direction with myself. But they all begged — the amateurs as well as the professionals — and I am afraid that some of the appeals made to the saints, when I replied by that decisive shake of the fingers which is the only negative an Italian beggar will ever understand, were not as warm in my behalf as the prayers of my lame friend at Pelago.

But courage, dear reader — if, indeed, I still have left one patient enough to have followed my loitering steps all the way from Florence — courage! We shall get to Valombrosa by and by. The last burning link of the chain slowly unwinds itself as we toil up, and we plunge now into a dense growth of evergreens, throwing a thick, cool shadow over our path. This, too, is less steep than before; half a mile through the grove and light breaks on us ahead; we emerge once more into the sunshine, and before us, just beyond this smooth lawn, behold the stately front of the monastery where for 800 years the Benedictines have had their abode.

It is evident that the reverend fathers are also enjoying their *siesta*. Not only is the front door closed, but so are the great gates through which we must pass into the walled inclosure before it. Perhaps some one better acquainted with convent manners than we would find admission readily

enough by another way; but we, from far-off, heretic Yankee-land, need not be ashamed to confess ourselves a little — just a little — *green* in the matter. There, is plainly, no bell at the gates, and even if we could batter them loud enough to waken the porter, it might be a question whether Valombrosa is *quite* enough like the Kingdom of Heaven to be taken by violence. The best thing we can do is to throw ourselves down on one of these stone benches and wait for guidance. We are tired enough to enjoy the rest after our long walk; and did you ever breathe air more delicious than this? The sun no longer burns, but cheers, vivifies, inspirits, as in the first bright days of spring; the breeze just fans from our cheeks the flush of that last climb; and this atmosphere refreshes like new wine — nay, O Solomon, change the figure, for it exhilarates with its sparkling purity like that rare old wine which but one of our nation was ever privileged to drink and to tell of, in that tower of Monte Beni, on these same Tuscan hills, and which was rightly named Sunshine!

Outside the garden-wall, at one corner, are some smaller buildings occupied by the work-people of the estate. Here, also, are entertained the lady visitors whom curiosity brings hither, and whose disturbing influences are forbidden alike by the rules of the order and the native shrewdness of the quiet old monks within the convent itself. Strolling thitherward, I met a young monk who soon solved for me the problem of admission, and brought out the fat old porter, with his huge bunch of keys, to open the *grille*. A tall lay brother, with a pleasant, boyish face, took charge of me as soon as I entered the door. On the left of the principal entrance stretches a long corridor, with many doors opening upon it, not unlike one of the passages in an American hotel. The first of these doors admitted me to a large parlor, with brick floor and frescoed walls, a pair of tables and some chairs, and three odd volumes of English books. All this, and the resources of the convent kitchen, were

placed at my service. But I wished to make the best of my afternoon, and after a very short rest was on my way to Paradise.

The hills rise abruptly in the rear of the convent, and perched on a steep, jutting spur of one of them are the chapel and hermitage called *Paradisino*. The path crosses a little stream, and then winds up the steep ascent under fine groves that shut out the prospect only to make its sudden burst upon the eye more striking at the summit. (The convent itself is about 4,000 feet above the level of the sea, and *Paradisino* at least 500 or 600 feet higher.) I lingered on the bridge to watch a beautiful cascade, and exchanged smiling bows with two of the brethren who passed me, talking, perhaps, of philosophy, or

“Fixed fate, free will, foreknowledge absolute” —

at least there was nothing in their faces to negative it, as there unfortunately too often is in the vacuous stare of these pious men. Half-way up, my attention was again attracted by a shrine at the wayside, beneath which, in rude relief upon a large stone, was the recumbent figure of a man, the full size of life. The lower portion bore a very rude resemblance to human legs and feet, but looked like a natural formation; while the rest I should certainly have pronounced carved and joined on, but for my implicit faith in the inscription over it.

“Venerate, O guest,” says the pious record, “the wonderful stone that forgot its native hardness and became soft as wax when the devil threw it at that most holy patriarch, Joannes Gualbertus; and, fitting like a plaster to that side of him which was naturally turned to his pursuer (*mollius stravit confugium posteriorem*), still retains its form.”

This miracle having happened as far back as the year 1024, no reasonable doubt can be entertained of its genuineness. Like other miracles, too, it is confirmed by the improbabilities which stagger skeptical minds, and which,

of course, would never have been introduced into a fictitious story. How did it happen that the stone which has thus wonderfully preserved the most holy patriarch in a stereotype edition bears the impression of the form to which it so conveniently fitted, in relief?

While I was pondering this question and copying the inscription, a little, old man, in the dress of a lay brother, took his seat by my side and introduced himself to me as the hermit whose retreat I was about to visit. A hermit clean shaven, and with a cheery, crickety voice and laugh! What a change from the original style of anchorite! Further up the hill, in the face of the perpendicular crag on which the chapel stands, he showed me a cavity, or shelf of rock, on which a lay brother of eminent sanctity, the first hermit of these parts, dwelt for many years, and finally died — the latter event being announced to the brethren below by a celestial light and the spontaneous ringing of the convent bells. VII. Kal. Aprilis, 1258. All which, together with the fact that he was wise as the serpents and harmless as the doves, is verified by a shrine, inscription, and picture close by. He must have had some physical resemblance to the serpents — a ball-and-socket articulation of the vertebræ, or something of the sort — or he never could have wriggled in and out of the crevice, which is not even high enough to sit up in.

The long line of hermits who have followed this vermicular saint have provided themselves with more comfortable quarters, in a red-tiled, two-story house, on the summit of the crag, attached to the chapel, and have united the characters of hermit and *custode* until the latter has rather overshadowed the former. In fact, my new-found friend, though he calls himself a hermit still, frankly admitted that he made himself comfortable during the hard winters in the convent below. In the sacristy of the chapel he showed me some portraits of his predecessors, several of whom had been beatified. I looked at my snuffy, shabby little companion,

and wondered whether he was likely to attain sanctity. "*Ex quo vis ligno fit Mercurius*" is sometimes as true as the contrary, and I know some eminent saints at home that would hardly compare with him in the virtues of meekness and good humor.

After seeing all the sights within the buildings, and dropping into the anchorite's palm that offering which neither sanctity nor sin, pride nor poverty, in Italy, is ever unwilling to accept, I bid him adieu, climb the hills a little higher, overlooking even Paradisino itself, and give myself up to the enjoyment of the scene. Behind me, and on either hand, rise the bare and rounded summits of the Apennines. In front, to the north-west, the eye follows the Val d'Arno to the mountains above Pistoja, where Catiline fought his last desperate battle. The great convent, far below me, seems almost at my feet. Looking down upon it thus, I can see that there is a bit of deception in its long *façade*. The right wing, where I am lodged, is but a shallow front, projecting like an index finger from the complete quadrangle which forms the rest. Even with this allowance, the vast pile gives ample house-room for forty old bachelors, and its site is regal. Behind it flows the brook which "Etrurian shades high over-arched embower," and which, losing itself in a wooded ravine to the right, only comes to daylight in the valley where I had crossed it below Tosi. On the left are broad gardens and green fields, bounded by groves of stately pines, which constitute a large part of the convent's wealth. They are cutting some of them now, and occasionally one falls with a crash that echoes back from the rocks of Paradise. Shut in thus from the world on every side but one, the grassy lawn slopes away there like the foreground to a glorious picture. Far down the valley I see the little green plain by Pontassieve, with the silver Arno shining through it; then all around this, as a center, a magnificent setting of mountains. The more distant ones are wrapped in clouds, but for which we should see Florence.

Some drops of a summer shower fall on my note-book as I write, but the sun is shining brightly, though his rays acknowledge by their slight effect how high we are above the ordinary level of human habitation. Except when a falling pine thunders down on the opposite hill, there is not a sound of man's discord. Even the convent bell peals upon the ear with deep, rich tones that have nothing of human grossness about them. One, two, three, four. Bless my soul! It is time I was back there for the dinner that brother Anselmo promised me!

The great gates are open now, and Anselmo on the look-out for me. As a cheerful whet to my appetite he takes me into the church and shows me the shriveled arm-bone of Saint Columbus, in a glass case, and the other sights. None of them are particularly worth describing, unless we are writing a guide-book.

By this time it had grown quite cool, and I suggested a fire in the vast, open fire-place of my parlor. Piles of brush-wood and huge logs of chestnut made their appearance, and soon I had such a fire as I never have seen before in Europe. It carried me back at once to college days; but even our fires of hickory were puny in comparison with these roaring "logs of Algidus." As I drew up to it after dinner, and opened my cigar-case, it was with some hesitation that I offered the immoral weed to Anselmo, lest it should be an infraction of convent rules. But he took it, and when he came in again, with lights, he was smoking it with unfeigned gusto. It had commenced raining during the dinner, and a fierce thunder-storm was now bellowing through the mountains; so we sat in the ruddy fire-light, and were intimate friends before the amicable weeds were half finished. It was a dull life, he said, up there among the mountains. Strangers did not come as often as of old, and the number diminished every year. I suspect that it is not only for the pleasure of their society that the poor lay brethren regret this falling off. Although the hospitalities

of the convent are free to all who come, yet sight-seers rarely leave without a gratuity; and upon these the attendants probably depend for most of their little luxuries. Valombrosa is not so enormously wealthy as of old; and the forty regular monks, no doubt, have the lion's share of the good things. Anselmo and I had barely the tatter of a language in common; for he knew nothing but Italian, and my knowledge of that delicious tongue, as I have already hinted, was a scant measure for conversational uses. Still, with bold guesses at each other's meaning, and much contortion of the face and twisting of the fingers, we got on famously. If not as instructive as the prior's French, it was, at all events, more amusing. That dignitary honored me with a call later in the evening—a gentlemanly, cultivated man, not over forty years of age, whose rosy cheeks and easy address showed him accustomed to all the luxuries and all the amenities of life. It is not to be wondered at that his view of monastic life was somewhat more philosophical than Anselmo's. "Those only can appreciate it," said he, "who have learned the need of repose; and different natures come to this lesson at very different periods. It took Charles V. the greater part of one of the busiest lives man ever led to learn it. Some learn it very young; they are like the children I have seen at the baths of Lucca, who make but one plunge into the waves, and then struggle back to the sunny and constant shore. They are right when they do so; for the waves drown those who can not, or will not, buffet them. It is better to be a live monk in a cell than a man of the world with a drowned heart. Neither is the death always a spiritual one only. Do you never, in the eager, excited life of your country, see men drop suddenly from the race into the mad-house, or the grave of a suicide? Would not a convent save many such? Some refuge they must have. When no object in life remains, or when our jaded powers will not work for one—when we no longer desire anything enough to fight for its possession, and bully or cheat our

fellow-men out of it — then our work in active life is done, and even the study of human nature becomes, not merely irksome, but repulsive. *Ubi homines, ibi vitia*. The time may come when even you will long for the holy, studious, contented calm of the cell. It is a pity that your religion has no such refuge. Hear how the storm howls without! Is it not better for both of us that we should be quietly fixed here, in one sheltered spot, than trying to breast our way through it on any of the transitory errands of our worldly life?"

My bed-room was an airy, well-furnished apartment adjoining the parlor. There was little enough of monastic rigor about the luxurious bed, with its profusion of snowy linen. O ye fair domestic tyrants who exult over the thought that men are such slovenly, helpless creatures when left to themselves, I should like to show you my bed in that convent cell, where feminine feet never trod! The prior's words were still brooding in my mind as I gave up my tired body to the delicious repose. But the last thought that my waking brain knew was one that answered all his arguments in a single word. That word was "Hazel-Eye."

Next morning the storm was over, and the world looked as bright and fresh as ever. It would have been a sin to shut one's self up out of such sunshine, even though it were within the sanctified walls of a convent. I barely tasted the dainty breakfast that Anselmo spread for me, and with quickened pulse and eager step set my face towards Florence.

M. R. D.

FIRE-FLIES.

BY SIMEON TUCKER CLARK.

On this high cliff, half through these sultry nights,
 I sit and watch the bosky vales below,
 Where fallen fir trees phosphorescent grow,
 Like fairy forges, burning lurid lights.
 I mark the fire-flies' interrupted flights —
 A shower of sparks, which, with a sudden glow,
 Seem struck from unseen anvils, blow on blow,
 By noiseless sledges, swung by summer sprites.

O flitting forms of swift expiring flame!
 Ye light lost paths to happy halcyon days;
 The griefs that vanished quickly as they came;
 The lures of love that led through wondrous ways;
 The fleeting hours for which our spirits yearn;
 The faith of youth which will no more return.

*SIMON OF MONTFORT, EARL OF LEICESTER.*¹

The little hill of Montfort l'Amaury, which rises between Paris and Chartres, is notable for giving the family name to a man distinguished in English history for his successful labor in behalf of constitutional freedom and good government, the second Simon of Montfort, who bore the title of Earl of Leicester. In the Aquitanian wars waged by Henry II. of England with Louis VII. of France, Simon, Lord of Montfort, made good use of his position as vassal of both kings to win for himself lands and power. He married the Lady Amicia Beaumont, co-heiress and sister of the Earl of Leicester, who died without children, and the

¹ Life of Simon de Montfort, Earl of Leicester. By M. Creighton, M. A. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co.

title and half the earldom fell at length to Simon's second son, who bore his father's name.

This second Simon has won for himself, unhappily, a name which is as closely identified with bigotry and fanaticism as his more famous son's has been with the progress of civil freedom and order; and yet they possess some traits in common, the vices of the one seeming to be often the virtues of the other, pushed to extremes.

He came into the field of European politics in the early part of the thirteenth century, when Innocent III. was pope, Philip Augustus king of the French, and John upon the throne of England. The religious zeal which, during the last century, had flung western Europe upon the shores of Palestine, was no longer capable of revival. It had sunken into indifference, or it turned itself in the direction of that reform at home which was then so greatly needed. The popes were obliged to rely upon meaner motives to spur men on to undertake a crusade, and Innocent had seen himself powerless to hinder the most terrible example of the degradation of the crusading spirit, the Latin conquest of Constantinople. What he could not control, he might, however, direct, by falling in with its spirit; and crusades were soon preached against the many heretical sects which were springing up throughout the West, against whom the pope invoked the aid of temporal princes, most of whom were only too ready to think, like the Frankish Clodowig, that it was "a pity for fair lands to be held by heretics."

The south of France, where the Gothic predominated over the Frankish blood, and where the great cities had never wholly lost the privileges which dated from the Roman days, had long ceased to pay more than a nominal allegiance to the Parisian king. Thought was freer, life gayer and more luxurious, culture richer, than in the North; they cared more for the songs of the troubadours than the summons of the priests, and the towns were filled with the

productions of industry and of art. Among these people, many sects, differing somewhat from the Church of Rome in their views, had sprung up — among them a sect, in the little town of Albi, destined to win an unhappy fame under the name of the Albigenses. These sectaries were subjects of Raymond, Count of Toulouse, one of the richest and most powerful nobles in those parts — a gay, pleasure-loving man, under whose protection the Albigenses grew; for Raymond regarded the commands of the pope, in reference to the putting-down of here-y, with the same careless indifference with which he would have treated a summons from his far-away and half-forgotten Parisian over-lord — an indifference which finally brought the weight of the papal excommunication upon his unhappy head. The cruel murder of the pope's legate, in 1208, unfortunately gave the papal side some show of justice, and a crusade preached by Innocent, and intrusted to the efficient temporal conduct of Philip Augustus, swept down like a tornado upon the whole country, laying waste and destroying a wealth and culture, both material and intellectual, which had hardly its equal at that time in the West. Among those who found their profit in this wholesale destruction was Philip's general-in-chief, the earl of Leicester, who drove Raymond from his dominions, defeated the king of Arragon before the walls of Toulouse, and, careless of the restraints which even Innocent strove to impose, aimed at establishing himself as a sovereign prince in the land which he had conquered. Success provoked enmity, and his life was spent in endless warfare; stern and uncompromising, fearless, able, and full of ardent but bigoted piety, "by the sword he won his land, and by the sword he held it still," until death overtook him, and his conquests fell, one by one, to the crown of France.

The earl of Leicester had married Alice of Montmorency, a brave and noble woman, who became the mother of three sons, the youngest of whom inherited his father's English

title, and threw himself as ardently upon the side of freedom as his father had done upon that of papal supremacy.

King John had viewed with a jealous eye the growing power of Montfort in Guienne, and, on the pretense of conspiracy, had deprived him of his English estates, which, however, Henry III. consented to restore to Simon's eldest son, Amaury, upon one condition — that he should renounce his allegiance to the French king, give up his French estates, and become wholly an English subject. To this Amaury refused to consent, and abandoned his claims in England in favor of Simon, his youngest and only surviving brother.

Of the exact date of this famous statesman's birth we are ignorant, but it was about the year 1208, and his youth was passed in the ancestral castle of Montfort. Those were stormy times in France, when the short reign of Louis VIII. was followed by his son's minority and the regency of the queen-dowager, Blanche of Castile. The discontented feudal lords, chafing at the restraints imposed upon them by the royal power, and jealous of the control of a woman and a foreigner, rose in rebellion, and endangered the peace of the realm; but Blanche, by her courage and conduct, won the victory, reëstablished the power of the crown, and forced many of the rebel lords to leave the kingdom. Among the latter was young Simon of Montfort, who fled into England, where, on August 18, 1231, he did homage for his earldom of Leicester, and became thenceforward wholly in heart and life, as he was already partially in blood, an Englishman.

This transference of allegiance was by no means as strange a thing at that day as it would seem to us now, when national boundaries and national distinctions are more fully recognized than they were in the thirteenth century. The mediæval conception of the Universal Church and Empire of Christian Rome, which grew up after the coming of the Teutons into the empire, and which lasted theoretically

long after it was practically dead, had for a long time tended towards the effacing of those distinctions of race which were struggling into prominence as the leveling sway of Pagan and early Christian Rome decayed. The crusades, too, with their appeals to a common faith, had worked towards the same end at first, although the new opinions and wider views which the crusaders, many of them, acquired, afterwards resulted in freer thought and the rise of sects opposed to the dominant church. National differences were marked, of course, among the people to a greater degree, as is to-day the case, than among the upper classes; but the nobles of different countries lived much the same lives, and were much alike in their ways of thought and feeling.

Moreover, the intercourse between England and France, since the Norman conquest, and especially since the Angerin succession, had been very constant, though largely warlike; and many nobles held lands of both sovereigns, and found their profit in the necessities of each, as the old moss-troopers

"Sought the beeves that made them broth
In Scotland and in England both."

Still, these national differences were surely, though slowly, growing, and in England that dislike of foreigners which is so marked a trait of its modern character was taking shape, and provoking the hatred of the English towards their Norman kindred, when they came as conquerors, speaking a Latin tongue, and now united — all native-born Englishmen, of whatever ancestry — in a bitter distrust of the Provençal favorites of Henry III. and his wife, Eleanor of Provence, who were streaming into the country and thrusting themselves quietly into all the posts of honor and profit.

Shortly after his settling in England, Montfort, who seems to have been of prepossessing person and manners, won the love of Eleanor, sister of the king, and countess-dowager of Pembroke, to whom he was secretly married in

the presence of Henry. This marriage provoked the wrath of the barons, who accused Henry of having broken his promise, recently made, to do nothing of importance to the realm without their advice. It also angered the clergy, since, on the death of her first husband, Eleanor had taken a vow of perpetual celibacy; the primate, the pious Edmund Rich, had vainly remonstrated with her in regard to her second union, and the marriage was, by a large party, held unlawful.

The barons, headed by the king's brother, Richard of Cornwall, rose in arms; but their leader was gained over by gifts and promises, and the attempt failed. The feeling in regard to his marriage, however, was such that Simon felt he had won but half a victory, and he determined upon a personal application to the pope for a dispensation. By extortion, gifts, and loans he raised money wherewith to back his suit, and set forth upon his journey. On the way he visited the Emperor Frederick II. of Hohenstauffen, King of Germany, Italy, and Sicily, and Emperor of Rome — "the wonder of the world," as men called him in his own day — a man so utterly at variance with, and beyond, the ideas and feelings of his time that his glorious genius seems to have been almost wasted in beating against the bars of popular prejudice and papal hatred. In Sicily, where he ruled supreme, his sway was beneficent; Jew, Moslem, and Christian found equal favor in his eyes; he was a poet, a philosopher, a law-giver, and a merchant whose ships sailed to far-off climes. In Germany he met with some opposition, and the Lombard cities were his persistent foes; but his bitterest enemies were the popes, who pursued him to his death and destroyed his house after him.

When Montfort visited Italy, however, Frederick was at the height of his power — at peace with the Holy See and triumphant in North Italy, whence he had just sent to Rome, as earnest of his victories, the *caraccio* of Milan.

The third wife of Frederick was Isabella, sister of Henry

III., and he welcomed Simon as a brother-in-law, and willingly gave him letters to the pope to aid his plans. Gregory gave the dispensation, and the marriage celebrated in January was in May pronounced valid. Montfort stopped once more on his journey home to visit Frederick, who was besieging Brescia, and for whom Fortune was so soon to turn her wheel, and heap woes after woes upon his devoted head.

On his return Simon received his wife's dowry, was solemnly invested with his earldom, and stood well with the king, who was godfather to his first child. When, sometime later, Edward, the king's eldest son, was born, Simon was one of his godfathers; but suddenly the wind of royal favor veered about, and Simon and his wife were forced to seek safety in France. He was accused by the king of having used his name as pledge for money to be paid the pope; and as the charge cannot be proven, the reason for the shifting of kingly grace may, perhaps, be found in the politics of the time. The pope had just launched an excommunication at the emperor, and required its publication in the different countries of Europe. It has been suggested that the papal party may have desired to remove from Henry's presence one who would hardly, in this quarrel, be found on the papal side; and Henry himself, who had cast his lot with the papacy, was naturally but too glad to be rid of so formidable an opponent. At any rate, in two weeks' time after Simon's withdrawal from the kingdom, Frederick's excommunication was published in London.

Whatever the cause, Simon now found himself deprived of royal favor and driven into exile; but he had left behind him at least one firm and faithful friend, to whose wise admonitions he already owed much. This friend was the famous Robert Grosseteste, Bishop of Lincoln, a man of noble character and gentle measures, who had long labored in the cause of Church Reform, and had been specially con-

nected with the introduction of the Franciscans into England. It was not long, however, before Simon was permitted to return, and, leaving his wife in France, he came into England for the purpose of collecting money for a crusade to Palestine, then in a direful state of confusion. Frederick II., who claimed the kingdom in right of his wife, Yolande, had made a treaty with the Egyptian sultan, in virtue of which Jerusalem had been placed in his hands; but the truce had been broken, and the pope — not, perhaps, that he loved Jerusalem less, but that he hated the Hohenstauffen more — strove with all his might to dissuade any from going to the help of the distressed people. Montfort departed, however, with Richard of Cornwall; but the expedition was fruitless, save that Richard ransomed some prisoners and renewed the truce. The people of Jerusalem paid a high tribute to Simon's character by begging the emperor to make him their governor.

They returned to find Henry plunged in a war with France. The king's great object was to recover the lost provinces of his family, and finding Louis IX. to be striving to gain more control over the provinces south of the Loire, he was but too glad of a pretext for fight. This was found in the investiture of Alfonso, the French king's brother, with Poitou, a province already bestowed by Henry upon the earl of Cornwall; and the Count of la Marche, who had married John's widow, Isabella, encouraged Henry's prospects by open revolt against Alfonso. The English nobles, however, were reluctant to carry on the war. The Poiterins were by no means as zealous in Henry's cause as he had been led to suppose, and he was but too glad to have the support and interference of Montfort and Cornwall, by whose means a peace, based upon the surrender of Poitou to France, was at length arranged, and the discomfited king returned to England.

Leicester was now once more received into favor, and obtained the royal castle of Kenilworth for his own. There

he and his wife lived quietly for the next five years, occupied with the care of the family which was growing up around them.

During this period, also, their connection with Grosseteste gained them the friendship of another noted man, Adam Marsh, the teacher in the Franciscan school at Oxford.

The foundation of the Franciscan order is a noteworthy event in the religious history of Europe. The old system had for some time failed to satisfy men's minds, and many new ideas, brought by the crusaders from the East, were spreading among the people, and new sects were everywhere springing up. The monastic clergy, who preached but rarely, were of little use to meet the demands of the time, and early in the thirteenth century the orders of friars were instituted by Saint Dominick and Saint Francis of Assisi. The object of the first was the uprooting of heresy; of the second, the comforting of the poor and the lonely. Learning they were to avoid, lest it corrupt them. It was soon proven, however, that learning was needful if they wished to appeal to the intelligence of their hearers in the towns, and they learned to make use of a plain and homely eloquence that proved most effective; and as they found among the English townsmen an independent spirit that required reasoning to satisfy them, they opened a school at Oxford, where they listened to lectures from Robert Grosseteste. His place was afterwards filled by Adam Marsh, whose fame as a scholar lent new luster to the order to which he belonged, whose advice was sought in matters both lay and clerical, and who founded in England the School of Theological Thought, that was dominant until it fell before the new learning in the fifteenth century.

Montfort's intimacy with these men shows us how the reformers in Church and State were drawing together, and how the desire of the barons to control the royal power found its strongest and most efficient support in the desire

for good order and government growing up in the towns, which was largely due to the influence of the Franciscans.

Henry III. was by no means without ability and personal attractions; he was pure of life and of great personal piety, but weak-minded, with a mistaken policy, and the slave of the Church. He could neither comprehend nor accept the Charter, and his great aim was to reduce the barons at home and to regain from France the rich provinces lost to her by his father, King John. John's submission to the pope, moreover, had given the Holy See a claim upon English revenues it was by no means likely to forego, and all classes suffered from these exactions. The barons at length took the matter into their own hands, drove out the papal nuncio, and in the same year, 1245, sent to the General Council, then sitting at Lyons, delegates to remonstrate with the pope, Innocent IV. But Innocent was too busy in deposing Frederick II. to listen to their complaint, and matters in England went from bad to worse—nobles, clergy, and people alike growing more and more discontented with the government of the king.

In 1248 De Montfort was sent into Gascony as royal deputy. This province, the sole remains of Henry II.'s Aquitanian dominions, was turbulent and disaffected to the English rule. The nobles naturally inclined towards France, with whom they were perpetually intriguing, and the cities, then considering their wine trade better with Spain than with England, did not regard with dislike the prospect of a conquest by Navarre. Hither went Simon, to bring, if possible, order out of the political chaos, and for more than four years spent himself and his fortune in vain attempts to effect a satisfactory settlement of affairs. The nobles, hating the strictness of his rule, and beaten in the field, besieged Henry with complaints, were pardoned, only to again rebel, and, at last, filled Henry's mind with doubts which caused him to summon his harassed and ill-supported deputy to answer before the Great Council to charges of

misgovernment. The earl defended himself with such ability and moderation as to secure an acquittal, but a personal quarrel broke out between himself and the king, in the heat of which were manifested the worst qualities of the two men—Henry's vacillation, meanness, and suspicion; Simon's fiery temper and impatience of contradiction—qualities which often interfered with his success as a leader of men. Once more Montfort returned to Gascony, won a victory in the field that established the honor of his arms, and then, abandoning his thankless task, withdrew into France, where, in the absence of her son in Egypt, Blanche was once more regent. The queen-mother dying shortly after, the nobles offered the government of the realm to Simon; but his hopes and interests were all bound up with his life as an Englishman, and he refused the tempting offer.

Henry, meantime, had been trying, with but ill success, the effect of the royal presence upon the troublesome Gascons, and found, too late, that Montfort's methods had been better than his own. He was placed in circumstances of the greatest difficulty, from which he was obliged to owe his deliverance to his ill-used subject, who heaped coals of fire upon his head by coming to his assistance when the king's affairs were well-nigh desperate. Even Henry was moved, and a show of reconciliation was made, peace established with the Gascons, and the friendship of the Castilian king won by the betrothal of his daughter, Eleanor, to Henry's eldest son, Edward. Henry also repaid Leicester a portion of the money which the latter had furnished for the conduct of the Gascon war, and Montfort once more betook himself to France.

For some years to come Henry III. busied himself with politics abroad. Innocent IV., whose hostility to the House of Hohenstauffen did not cease with the death, in 1250, of the Emperor Frederick II., pursued his family with unrelenting hatred, and claiming Naples and Sicily as fiefs of the

Holy See, offered them first to the earl of Cornwall, and, on his declining them, to Edmund, the second son of Henry III. The king accepted the offer and promised to supply the money needful to win the doubtful. Eager for peace on the Continent, he brought about a meeting with Saint Louis, who had lately returned from his luckless crusade, to make a treaty as to the lands held by England in the French kingdom. Montfort appears as one of the commissioners to arrange the truce, and was also, in the same year, sent as envoy to Scotland, while his wife abode for sometime in their castle of Kenilworth. Loud complaints were rising on all sides of the extortion practiced in raising funds for the Sicilian war. The king provoked the hostility of the Scottish nobles by interference in the affairs of that kingdom; and Wales was crying out, against the exactions of Edward, who had been appointed as its ruler. Chief among the barons was Richard, Earl of Cornwall, a prudent and wealthy man, drawing large revenues from the tin mines of his earldom. His near relationship to the king had prevented him from heartily adopting the side of the barons, but he had often served as a mediator between the two parties. Now, however, he was in Germany, whither, having been elected king of the Romans by the clerical party among the electors, he had gone to support his claim to the imperial crown, his rival, Alfonso of Castile, vindicating his claim to the surname of "The Wise" by remaining quietly at home and leaving the Holy Roman Empire for the study of the stars.

The barons were, unhappily, then, a party without a leader, and they could not, as in John's day and earlier, rely upon the clergy for support. The act of John which made England a fief of Saint Peter, made rebellion against king rebellion against the Church, and no one was willing to involve himself in this double revolt. In 1257, Henry, perplexed by the embarrassment of his position, sent Montfort to Rome to explain the impossibility of moneys being

sent to him for the Sicilian war, and make a renunciation of his claims on his son's behalf, but with no result. To make things worse, a horrible famine fell upon the land, and in a parliament held at Easter, before which the king laid his demand for money, Leicester rose and boldly demanded justice for himself and the country, accusing the king of extortion and misgovernment, and calling upon the barons to put an end to the wretched state of affairs. Henry was forced to yield, and agreed to adjourn the Parliament for one month, when it was to meet at Oxford, and when a commission of twelve men on the king's, and twelve on the barons' side should be appointed to settle their differences. Meantime the barons assembled their retainers, garrisoned the cinque-ports, and quietly awaited the result.

When the time had come for the meeting of the Parliament at Oxford, nearly all who held their baronies from the king, and were, therefore, entitled to seats in that body, were present, to the number of about 100. They laid before the king a petition detailing their grievances, and asking for reform. Above all, they wished to be free of the rule of foreigners, and to have the king's castles in the hands of native-born Englishmen. Then the twenty-four commissioners, having been duly appointed, proceeded to draw up articles providing for reform, which were afterwards famous under the name of the "Provisions of Oxford." A council of fifteen was to advise the king, one of twelve to confer with the Royal Council in Parliament, on behalf of the people, and one of twenty-four to attend to financial matters. It was also decided that the justiciar, the chancellor, and the treasurer should be annually appointed. The barons wished to make no new laws, but to provide for the better administration of the old ones, and to make the king responsible to themselves. On June 22d was passed a decree removing the royal castles from the hands of foreigners; and, as being of foreign birth, the earl of Leicester immediately gave up to the king's keeping his castles of Kenil-

worth and Odiham. No others, however, submitted; but the foreign favorites sought refuge in the castle of Wolve-sham, whither they were pursued by the barons, with Earl Simon at their head, and were at length driven from the kingdom — all save the queen's uncles, Boniface, the primate, and Peter of Savoy, who were somewhat less unpopular than the rest. On July 23d the "Provisions of Oxford" were joyfully accepted by the city of London; and the Parliament which met at Michaelmas determined that the king should issue a proclamation confirming what had been done. This document was issued; not in Latin, as had been the custom, but in English and in French, and declared the entire submission of the king to the will of the people as expressed in the "Provisions of Oxford."

The barons now turned their attention to the relations of England to the Holy See, and sent word to the pope that no more money would be forthcoming for the expenses of the war in Sicily, which had been entered into without their advice. In order, also, to effect some lasting peace with France, envoys were sent into that country to negotiate on the basis of a surrender by the king of all claims to the provinces lost by his father, John.

Affairs, however, grew no brighter. The king was unwilling to observe his engagements, and, while neither party desired war, it was impossible for them, of themselves, to bring about a satisfactory settlement of their differences. In this perplexity they turned for help to the French king, whose reputation for justice and probity seemed to constitute him a fit mediator in such doubtful matters. Both parties pleaded their cause before him, and on January 23, 1264, Louis gave his memorable award known as the "Mise of Amiens." The barons had expected too much; the traditions of the French kings were all in favor of a despotic rule, and in these traditions Louis shared. His aim throughout his reign was to consolidate his power, and he could believe in no right or reason in rebellion against a

lawful sovereign. Moreover, though not priest-ridden like Henry III., Saint Louis was a good churchman, and the pope had declared himself on Henry's side. If motives of self-interest could be supposed to have swayed him, it is to be remembered that at that time his brother, the cruel Charles of Anjou, was favored by the pope as candidate for the Sicilian crown, and was waging war against the Hohenstauffen under the sanction of the papacy. At any rate, the "Mise of Amiens" was wholly on Henry's side. It set aside, absolutely, the "Provisions of Oxford," putting everything as it was before the meeting of the Parliament of 1258, and fell back for confirmation of this award upon the letters of the pope, who had already declared the "provisions" null and void, and absolved Henry from all oaths concerning them. The only clause which gave any support to the barons was that which declared that there was no attempt made to abrogate the charter and customs which existed before the "provisions;" and the barons, while not rejecting the decision of the French king, fell back upon this clause, and resolved to fight the enemy upon his own ground by basing their claims upon the Great Charter. All hope of peace, however, had now fled, and both sides felt that only the sword could decide their quarrel.

The earl of Leicester allied himself with the Welch rebels, and the king summoned a meeting of his friends at Oxford. The presence of the university, where the teachings of the Franciscans had taken firm root, and where the students were fervently attached to the barons' side, was so dangerous to the royal cause that the students were sent home by the king, and betook themselves in great numbers to Earl Simon's army.

Once more the barons made overtures of peace. If only the foreigners might be sent away, they would submit to the other terms of the "Mise of Amiens;" but Henry put his trust, not in his own people, but in the pope and the French

king, and refused to comply with this demand, setting out upon his march towards Northampton, where the barons were. Popular risings in London, sometimes sinking into mobs, showed the spirit of that city; but Edward's army had, meanwhile, been joined by some Scottish barons who held land in England — among them John Bahil and Robert Bruce — and he made a rapid march towards the rebellious town; from which, however, he was turned aside by Leicester. The war was now waged on both sides with much fierceness and cruelty; and on May 14, 1264, was fought the decisive battle of Lewes, in the south-eastern part of England. The patriot army was under the leadership of Earl Simon, who justified the confidence felt in his generalship by his admirable selection of ground and the disposition of his army. On the left wing were the Londoners; in the center, the command of the youthful earl of Gloucester; on the right, the two sons of Montfort. The right of the royal army, under the leadership of Edward, was opposed to the Londoners, whom he hated for insults offered to his mother; on the left was the king of the Romans; in the center rode the king himself, while above his head floated the royal standard of the dragon — a fearful warning that no quarter should be granted to the enemy. As it rose into the air the royalists rushed into the fight, and Edward soon drove the ill-trained Londoners from the field before the impetuous fury of his assault. King Richard charged bravely up the hill towards the standard of Leicester, but he was beaten back, the royal army was put to flight, and Edward, returning from too long a pursuit of the flying Londoners, found his father's army routed, and Henry himself seeking safety in the priory near by; while the king of the Romans, who had taken refuge in a windmill, was besieged by mocking foes, who called upon him to surrender. "You have turned a bad mill-owner," they cried, "you who defied us so proudly, with the proud title of King of the Romans, always august." He was com-

pelled to yield himself, at sundown, to his mocking besiegers; and although young Edward forced his way into the priory, and joined his father, their cause was lost; the barons had won a complete victory, and they used it moderately. On the next day a treaty was agreed to, called the "Mise of Lewes," by which were decreed the exclusion of foreigners from all places of trust, good management of the finances, and a reference of other points in dispute to a mixed commission of English and French nobles and the papal legate. Edward was sent in safe custody to Dover, and Leicester betook himself to London, with King Henry in his charge.

Earl Simon was now in power; but his power was of an entirely exceptional nature, and could not last. The French king was opposed to him, and there was a still more dangerous enemy to be met in the Holy See. He therefore decided to summon a parliament which should confirm the "Mise of Lewes," and take measures to establish the peace of the kingdom. A form of government was adopted somewhat similar to that established by the "Provisions of Oxford," with Leicester at the head; but the position grew more and more doubtful. Eleanor was raising troops abroad, the royalist barons at home were rising, and once more Montfort had recourse to a parliament, with which his name has been indissolubly connected, and which gives us for the first time a parliament in a form similar to what it bears in our own day. Doubtless it seems to us far more notable than it did to men of that time, since the differences were not apparently so great between it and former parliaments, and they could not foresee the results which were to be developed from them.

The Witanagemot, or Meeting of the Wise Men, had shrunken, after the Norman conquest, into a meeting of the tenants-in-chief of the king; but for some time past it had been the custom to summon representatives of the counties to confer with the Great Council in reference to taxation.

This practice, first adopted by John in 1213, had been carried out at later parliaments, especially at that of 1261, when they were summoned by king and barons both, each party desiring their support. The earl of Leicester, who felt that his strength lay in popular favor, had caused the king to summon to the Parliament of 1246 four knights from each county, elected by that county, and he now tried to gather about him all the reforming classes in the State. Of these, the most constant in their support were the clergy, who shared largely in the spirit of the Franciscans, and the larger towns, whose trade had suffered from the exactions of the crown.

The famous Parliament of 1265 consisted of the higher clergy, the barons of the reforming party, two knights from each county, and from the boroughs of England, each, two men, "discreet, loyal, and honest." This, which seems to us so important a step, created but little discussion then, as the connection of the local government with the king's court had been established by Henry II.'s reforms; and as they had once met the king's justices, so now they came to meet and confer with the king in person. The knights had for some time furnished a popular element to the Parliament, and the summoning of the burghers was but the natural consummation of tendencies long at work, and the best means at Earl Simon's hand for the display of his power.

This Parliament is remarkable, then, not for the introduction of new ideas, but for the carrying of the old ideas towards completion, in the most simple and natural way; and Simon, although not entitled, like his marvelous brother-in-law, Frederick II., to the title of *immutator mirabilis*, deserves the perhaps higher and more lasting honor of being capable of recognizing the tendencies of his people and his age, and of finding his surest success by working in accordance with them. Many years and arduous struggles were before the Parliament ere it won the powers and established

the rights which to-day are its own ; but it came to its fullness of growth by the work of the earl of Leicester. The weakness of the Parliament of 1265 was in the baronial representation, in spite of the fact that safe conducts had been sent to Bruce and other northern barons ; but at length they succeeded in coming to terms with the king, who swore, together with his son, Edward, now set at liberty, to keep foreigners from office, to give the royal castles to Englishmen alone, and to confirm the charters of all earlier kings. This Parliament had placed the earl at the " highest point of all his greatness ; " from this the descent was easy.

The earl's position was one which necessarily exposed him to much hostile criticism. He was accused, though apparently without reason, of avarice and a desire for self-aggrandizement. The young earl of Gloucester, like his father, found it hard to submit to the intolerance and self-assertion of Leicester, and a quarrel broke out between the two leaders. The royalist party once more raised its head, and the escape of Edward, who broke his parole and fled to join the earl of Gloucester, supplied a center round which the various elements of discontent could gather. Leicester, realizing the danger, issued a proclamation in the king's name, summoning a levy to meet himself and Henry at Worcester, and declaring all who failed to attend rebels to their sovereign. Meantime the West was rapidly rising on Edward's side, and in July he made a descent upon the carelessly-guarded castle of Kenilworth, which he easily surprised. Leaving his booty at Gloucester, he then advanced to encounter Montfort, and overtook him near the Abbey of Evesham, to the great dismay of that general, who at first mistook his troops for the expected forces of his son. Ascending a hill near by, Simon saw, by the skillful disposition of the enemy, that his own retreat was on every side cut off, and that his cause was hopeless. For a moment he forgot his own peril in admiration of the skill of his adversary. " By Saint James ! " he cried, " they come

on skillfully; but it was from me they learned it. Let us commend our souls to God, for our bodies are our foes.'"

So long and fierce was the battle that followed that storms of thunder and hail swept over them, darkening the air, and an earthquake shook the ground beneath their feet, unheeded by the combatants. King Henry, who was with Earl Simon's army, was joyfully rescued by his son, and victory rested at last upon the royal banners. The great earl and his eldest son lay dead upon the field; his youngest was wounded and a prisoner. The dead were buried in the neighboring abbey, save the earl of Leicester, whose body was mutilated by his foes. The head and hands were sent to Lady Mortimer, other portions to different towns to be exposed; the trunk the monks buried with reverent care. The messenger who brought the head and hands to Lady Mortimer ("May the forerunner of the Lord," says an old chronicler, "whose head was given to a dancing-girl at a banquet, help his soul who sent it") found her at mass in a church near by, and followed her, with the hands sewn up in a cloth. The priest was in the act of elevating the host, and the hands of Montfort, devoutly clasped in adoration, were seen floating in the air. They were afterwards found sewn in the bag, and the awe-stricken Lady Mortimer sent them back to Evesham. Such legends show how early the belief in his saintship grew up among the people, and it was long believed that miracles were wrought at his tomb.

The three most prominent characteristics of Leicester's character were his rigid personal piety, which sometimes bordered on asceticism, his military skill, and his love of liberty. These endeared him to the people, and enabled him, in a long contest with a weak and superstitious king, to free the land from the rule of foreigners, and the Church from the extortions of the pope.

But his work was done before he fell at Evesham. Great as an opponent of oppression, he knew not how to bring

oppression to an end. His domineering temper and love of power unfitted him for any position the Constitution could bestow; and fate decreed that the principles for which he fought and died should be carried out by his conqueror. In the long struggle of his youth, Edward had learned many things from the man whom at first he had supported, whom at last he overthrew, and he had seen but too clearly the weakness and folly of his father's career and the strength of the popular feeling. He resisted long, but when he did at last give way, he did so from conviction, and in good faith he kept the oath he swore.

The parliamentary system of England owes its establishment in its present form to one of the greatest of her barons; its strength and its completion are due to one of the greatest of her kings.

ANNIE WALL.

DEAD.

BY H. WYCOMBE ABY.

Keep your tears! his eyes are dry,
 Long with weary weeping sore.
 Keep your tears and charity,
 For the living need them more.

Ye are lavish of kind words,
 Now the man is lying so —
 Ye whose tongues were bitter swords
 Not so very long ago.

Strange the change death makes in ye!
 What! afraid of that poor clay?
 Will he haunt ye? Ah! I see,
 'Ye with words his ghost would lay.

Ye, his kinsfolk, seem afraid,
 Lest with treasured wrongs of years
 He may haunt ye, like a shade,
 So ye try to coin some tears.

Pshaw! ye fools! He cares not now
For your blame, or praise as vile;
Heaven's own wisdom hath his brow —
At your folly see him smile.

Keep your charitable speech
To yourselves — ye need it most;
Stop your slander, each of each,
Then ye need not fear his ghost.

GOTHIC ARCHITECTURE.

Goethe said, in speaking of Gothic architecture, “ We see here the flowering of an extraordinary period. He who merely looks on such a flower will feel nothing but astonishment, while he who looks into the secret, inner life of the plant, into the stirring of its powers to unfold the flower, looks with other eyes, for he knows what he sees.” If we would understand the art of any age, we must go behind the phenomena, must know what were the religious and ethical ideas that have expressed themselves in material counterparts; we must consider the two factors — the idea and its realization.

“ The organic law of Gothic architecture is found on the one hand in the genius of Christianity, in its principal mystery, the Passion, and on the other in the history of art and its fruitful metempsychosis.” It rose about the middle of the twelfth century in the central part of France, and thence spread rapidly over Europe, reached its greatest perfection by the close of the thirteenth century, though it continued to be the principal style until the Renaissance, in the sixteenth century.

The historic period preceding it is known as the Dark Ages, succeeding the fall of the Roman Empire — a period so dark that we can hardly believe that the sun shone, or that Nature wore her wonted garb of beauty; when to ignorance succeeded superstition, vice, rudeness, poverty;

when the life of the world was conserved in Christianity, shut up in monasteries, enduring the night, waiting the morning—having no hope for the world save in its destruction. During this period the Church was the sanctuary for the oppressed, where the hand of the civil officer was staid; it was, in those barbarous times, the symbol of hope and freedom to the people, and it is not strange that their first expression of freedom should show itself in church-building. It rose after the fatal thousand years believed to be the limit of the world's duration were passed, when ecclesiastical hierarchy had conquered the world, when Christendom, enlisted in the crusades, became conscious of its unity. It followed, and was coeval with, much that, to our more enlightened eyes, seems barbarous; but it remains the imperishable record, the unified expression of all the age knew, or had long known, of liberty, honor, religion—the three mighty spirits that mould the destinies of humanity. Ardor for intellectual pursuits began in the latter part of the eleventh century, and became intense in the twelfth. The ideas of Aristotle, awakened from their long sleep, once more held sway over the hearts of men. There was life, thought, action, everywhere; and for the first time the Church was disturbed with heresy, the cold iron of doubt entering in among the living fibers of faith. Persecution, the child of darkness, struggled with Thought, the child of light; the metaphysician might be burned as a heretic; the natural philosopher as a magician. It was the age that produced Dante, whose triune worlds symbolize forever the soul's journeyings. How much of the suffering and aspiration of his time has here found voice:

“ Ah! from what agonies of heart and brain,
What exultations trampling on despair,
What tenderness, what tears, what hate of wrong,
What passionate outcry of soul in pain,
Uprose this poem of the earth and air,
This mediæval miracle of song!”

It was the age of Petrarch and his divine Laura; of

Chaucer with his "Testament of Love." The age of chivalry, whose soul was individual honor; a prophecy of national honor. The age of troubadours and trouvères, when woman, ideal, seemed the guiding star — the inspiration of poets.

It is the high destiny of the artist to embody the ideas of his age. Before the multitude they float dimly, or within their souls rest unconsciously; they cannot give them voice or form. The architect, sculptor, painter, or poet symbolizes for them their blind strivings and aspirations. In one of the grand cathedrals of the early and pure Gothic — in itself the study of a life-time — we may see the poetry of the age of chivalry, the aspiration of the crusader, the cry of the soul for the Infinite, the beautiful clothed in form, become "frozen music." The Church was the great book of the age. Here the sculptor, the painter, the poet, joined with the architect; hence the complexity of the expression, typical of modern life as contradistinguished from ancient. But the idea most strongly represented is the Christian idea of ascent — aspiration. It lifts the eye ever upward and above; it is the triumph of spirit. Montalembert says: "When we enter an old cathedral, we hardly feel any longer the exterior stone-work symbolism. Only the general impression strikes immediately into the soul. We here feel the elevation of spirit and the prostration of the flesh. The interior of the cathedral is itself a hollow cross, and we here walk on the very instrument of martyrdom. The variegated windows cast their red lights upon us like drops of blood; funeral hymns are trembling around us; under our feet are tombstones and corruption, and the spirit struggles with the colossal pillars towards Heaven, painfully tearing itself asunder from the body, which drops like a worn-out garment to the ground." It seems rather an expression of the Catholic than the Protestant idea of Christianity. The highest and best in the Christian religion is perhaps incapable of taking on form. It may be doubted

whether any other than the Catholic religion could have produced this form of architecture.

Looking on a grand cathedral, so perfect in its expression of a great religious idea, we might deem it a sudden aspiration of the soul for the Infinite. A morning star after the mediæval night, it doubtless was. Had not the aspiration, the deep sigh, the prolonged seeking for something above and beyond, a strong sense of the struggle with, and triumph over, the flesh, teaching the sanctity of suffering—had not these dwelt long in the hearts of men, no form of architecture symbolizing them could have arisen. But not with ease does art express itself in form. With care it selects from its heritage of the past, experiments, learns from its failures, and thus slowly and painfully seeks perfection; and we turn now to consider the other factor “found in the fruitful metempsychosis of art.”

Divided according to roofing, architects tell us there can be but three forms of architecture—the lintels of the Greeks, the round arch of the Romans, and the pointed Gothic arch. The pointed arch was used by the Etruscans probably twelve centuries B. C., by the Assyrians eight centuries B. C., and by the Saracens in the year 885. It is not known whether it was reinvented or copied by the architects of the twelfth century. Its first use was at Laon, France, and its rapid spread and pre-eminence was largely due to the fact that it was fitted to carry out religious forms and decorative principles prevalent at that time. The ideas existed, the form followed. It was a gradual development arising from the necessities of the structures; flying buttresses, pinnacles, and window traceries are its most important inventions. Its greatest advantage is the ease with which any required width may be combined with any required height. “It can shrink or expand with undegraded grace or unexhausted energy, ever conforming to practical necessities.” Its remarkable superiority over other work of the time, and its rapid spread, are supposed

to be largely due to the traditionary science of freemasonry. In France and England only was the style perfected, yet in neither country is there a great typical building, combining all Gothic beauties. Cologne Cathedral unites all that is best in the style as expressed in Germany, but it lacks the higher principles of the true religious feeling. It is so mathematically perfect that not one little corner is left for poetry, and it is, consequently, much less interesting than many less imposing buildings.

The mistake of the Gothic architects was that they pushed their principles to the extreme limit. The system of buttresses and pinnacles developed until repose was lost, and there was an appearance of propping up. Painted glass was invented about this time, and windows were enlarged on this account, until, in Tournay Cathedral, the whole space of the side walls was used for this purpose. The cathedral of Beauvais was built so high that they could not prop up the vaulting. Decoration went mad in stone, immortalizing alike beauty and deformity.

Another reason that so many of the cathedrals fail to give that satisfaction we demand from a true work of art is owing to the fact that they were rarely finished according to the original design. The building not being completed in the life-time of the architect, an inferior artist, with the intention of improving, would mar the beauty of the original plan. Beauty in art, Minerva-like, springs full-grown and armed from the travail of the artist's soul.

Gothic architecture was remarkable for its rapid growth and rapid decline. Its early feeling is one of unrest ; its later, of age and decay. It did not reach the serene heights of Greek architecture and pause in its glory —

“The one thing finished in this hasty world,”

to receive the undisputed admiration of future ages ; its most ardent admirers admit its imperfections ; it will not bear cool outside criticism ; the critic must be in sympathy with its spirit, otherwise it is judged and found wanting ; it lacks

the simplicity and severity that a disciplined taste requires. Michelet says it was, at best, but a glimpse of the Infinite ; its constant change shows the unrest and dissatisfaction of the architects in their attempts to express the aspiration of spirits. The complexity and wide differences that exist in Gothic architecture make it difficult to define. Ruskin, who sees much, though he sees not all, and who has studied the subject profoundly and with great admiration, in speaking of the nature of Gothic, gives the following characteristics or moral elements : Savagery, changefulness, naturalness, grotesqueness, rigidity, redundance.

Savagery, he says, is a confession of imperfection ; but he considers imperfection a sign of life, and the demand for perfection not the true end of art. The relentless demand for perfection he thinks one of the causes of the decline of art in Europe after the Renaissance. Of changefulness, he says, the merit of architecture, or of any other form of art, consists in saying new and different things. Nothing is a great work of art for which rules can be given. Gothic art invented a series of forms, new, and capable of perpetual novelty. The pointed arch is changeable to infinity ; the same is true of other Gothic elements. But an unhealthful love of change was one of the causes of its destruction. The great mind can bear monotony in patience, willing to pay the full price of the pleasure of change ; the inferior intellect cannot bear sameness — must rush from change to change, and so brings a shadow and weariness over the whole world. Of naturalness, he says, that the true Gothic artists united fact with design, and in their ornamentation were true to nature. The grotesque, he says, is composed of the ludicrous and the fearful, and he divides it into the noble and the ignoble. The master of the noble grotesque knows the depth of all he seems to mock, and at times passes into the perfect sublime. The master of the ignoble grotesque understands nothing, and mocks at all things — rejoices in iniquity. All truth that makes us smile is partial, and he but poorly understands

the preciousness of life who can spend it in elaborating a jest. The noble grotesque, on the other hand, involved a true appreciation of the beautiful; the powers of sudden destruction lurking in woods and waters, in rocks and clouds, so long having sway over the rugged people of the North, were expressed in Gothic grotesque; at first, noble and symbolic; at last, in its decay, it became reckless in its appeal to the piety of its beholders, with its mad dreams, without reason, thrown into undying stone. Of rigidity, he says, vigor, rather than refinement, is a characteristic of northern races, and sees self-dependence expressed in every line. He claims that its redundancy grew from its humility and love of nature. Such is a brief synopsis of Ruskin's idea of the Gothic. It may help us to seize and analyze this difficult art-spirit, wherever found.

The secrecy with which the building was carried on by the freemasons has already been referred to. A part of this secrecy related to the symbolism of numbers. This "divine mathematics" was transmitted in monasteries with instructions in the mysteries of Christianity; and we find the sacred numbers 3, 7, 9, 10, and 12, and their various combinations, repeated again and again, bearing witness, though to us in a dead language, of that age of faith — appealing to our understandings, not our hearts.

We can form but a faint idea of the enthusiasm of the people in this great building era. We read that 100,000 laborers worked at one time on Strasburg Cathedral, and, in their zeal, worked by torch-light. Sustained by their profound faith in the work that was going on, their individual sacrifices were forgotten. Was it a small thing for them to bring stones for these temples of God? Was not their toil lightened by visions of the divine Madonna, mediator between them and the crowned and crucified One?

It has been said that, as the Christian world contains all worlds, so the Christian temple contains all temples. The Greek column, the Roman arch, the Egyptian obelisk (raised as a spire), all are there. This complexity in-

creases its difficulties of pure expression, of unity in multiplicity, so necessary to a true work of art. Born of a belief in the miraculous and the poetic, it delights in the seemingly impossible; rearing enormous masses on slender pillars, carrying its spires, the only element which expresses no utility, upward and ever upward.

“With all its beauty,” says Michelet, “it does not satisfy. Throughout it there is something complex, aged, painful. A stronger age must seek a fuller realization of its ideals — more enduring monuments than these miracles of stone. The social state which produced it was too unequal. The Church sought the alliance of the rulers against the people. Divine art is not dead; * * * humanity must once more retreat within itself, examine and complete itself, by founding a juster, a more equal, and a diviner state of society.” This view is hopeful; and yet, as art is the expression of the highest ideas of an age, the question may arise whether it is possible to embody the best ideas of the present in any sensuous form of art. Those who have read the remarkable chapter in Victor Hugo’s “Hunchback of Notre Dame,” entitled “This will kill that,” remember that he holds that the discovery of printing gave the death-blow to architecture; that the stone book must perish before the paper book. There seems much truth in what he says. Man must, of course, ever build for his necessities, and in proportion to his intelligence will he build wisely, combining beauty with utility. But it may be doubted whether it is possible to express the best thought of this time in the form of architecture. Our age lacks the faith necessary in rearing magnificent temples to the honor of our Creator, which has ever been the ruling motive in the great building eras of the world. Certainly, much may be done by the study of architecture in arriving at some just ideas in regard to what constitute its beauties. Fergusson, Violet Le Duc, Ruskin, and others unite in bewailing the lack of taste, the waste of materials, the general barrenness of the architects of the present day, who copy, but do not invent

or improve. And the same is true in nearly all departments of art. And yet it may be that we are blind to the good around us, and that we are preparing for a new era in art. "No age is heroic to those who live in it." The commonplace, which perishes, fills so large a part of our lives that only the seer may discover the enduring threads being woven in Time's unceasing loom. It is ever a glory past, or beauty beyond, that enchains us. We know that when an art ideal has fully expressed itself it perishes, and others arise. The sleepless soul knows no perfection, and rests not in that which it has found; and whatever may be the form of art in the future, we must believe that to the true artist a fitting form of expression will come.

RENEL GABRIEL.

TOUJOURS.

BY H. WYCOMBE ABY.

I.

Je vous aime, ma chère,
Écoutez ma prière!
C'est une flamme
Dans mon âme

De l'amour.

Une ardeur sacrée,
Une mélodie vraie,
Qui chante à mon coeur Toujours, Toujours —
Qui chante à mon coeur Toujours.

II.

Ta figure a une ombre
Dans la nuit si sombre
Qui chante, à doux nombre,

De l'amour.

Tes yeux ont un feu
Merveilleux, mélodieux,
Qui murmure à mon coeur Toujours, Toujours —
Qui murmure à mon coeur Toujours.

SPANISH LETRILLA.

BY H. WYCOMBE ADY.

One time, when love was in fashion,
 An innocent shepherd thus tried
 The strength of his tender passion
 To prove to his nymph beside.

Dost see how the Spring hath cast her
 Countless flowers on the lea?
 Then look, my adorable master,
 Yet more times do I love thee.

Dost see how many the golden
 Sands in the Tagus be?
 Though millions are there beholden,
 Yet more times do I love thee.

Dost see at the rise of Aurora
 How many birds warble with glee?
 O shepherdess, rivaling Flora,
 Yet more times do I love thee.

Dost see how beyond all measure
 Are the streams from the Winter free?
 Then look, O my living treasure,
 Yet more times do I love thee.

Dost see how many on duty
 Bright bees on their light wings flee?
 Then look, my ungrateful beauty,
 Yet more times do I love thee.

Dost see how many the graces
 The goddesses gave thee? Ah, me!
 O tyrant of manifold faces,
 Yet more times do I love thee.

NOTE.— This little poem of Cadáiso's has never, I believe, been rendered into English. Its chief point is its quaintness both of diction and of rhythm. I have endeavored to imitate this character in all places, even to the extent of keeping the Spanish expression "master," as applied to the lady, instead of the feminine term. Of course, I must allow that, in keeping close to the words, I have lost much of the essential music of the original.

THOMAS DE QUINCEY.

The writings of Thomas De Quincey have taken their place among the English Classics, and rightfully so. It is not unmeet that his impassioned prose should stand upon the same shelf with the "Judicious Hooker," the one giving a view of the eternal laws of God and nature; the other strangely able to turn from a consideration of the material prosperity of nations, to present an insight into the human heart, revealing all its mysterious yearnings, its vague hopes, its subtile imaginations; yet so ethereal are the dream-pictures he presents that they almost seem as of realities beyond sense-life, having their existence in some shadowy spirit-realm, but potent to haunt the mind with vague foreshadowings — strange, tantalizing reminiscences of what "was, and is, and is to be."

As his apparently most unsubstantial reverie awakens analogous experiences in other minds, especially in those where the dream-faculty preponderates, or the power of watching the thought-current through all its varying flow, the conclusion seems inevitable that a real philosophical profundity underlies his most fantastic speculations.

There is a deeply-rooted antipathy in the minds of many people against confessions, as arguing a certain lack of delicacy in the mind that can make public that which so deeply and entirely concerns itself; but this feeling, augmented upon reading Rousseau, lessens or disappears upon acquaintance with "The Confessions of an English Opium Eater." This effect is partly due to the immeasurable difference in purity of heart and character between the two writers, and partly to the fact that De Quincey uses mere facts sparingly in his autobiographic capacity, that he soars into the region of abstract principles, and at least attempts, however much

he may be thought to fail, to make all he reveals a contribution to the divinity of use.

Though De Quincey frankly admitted that he was a lover of pleasure, and could ill-endure the "inhuman moralist," yet seldom is there to be found a more benign or sympathetic spirit.

It is to be regretted that so rare an author is neglected by many readers. Probably the indifference arises from prejudice against him, grounded upon his fatal habit of opium eating. If so, Page's new "Life of De Quincey," in which he traces the habit from its inception, through the victim's four conquests over it, to its final limited government over him, will prove invaluable, and probably disabuse many minds of too hastily formed conclusions in regard to an author whose peculiar bent of mind makes him the most curious and absorbing of all English psychological studies.

Unlike Blake, De Quincey referred his visions to his own mind, but says of his soul, "All power was given her in that dreadful trance," wherein he learned for the interest of mankind that "misery is the talisman by which man communicates with the world outside the fleshly world."

The drama of his conflicts began early. Inner struggles are ever more tragical than outward, and to these he seems fated from birth. He scarcely knew what it was to be a careless, glad-hearted child, yet what a power those early experiences conferred upon him, assisting to make him in manhood a consecrated high-priest to the sanctuary of childhood. It has been said that only genius can carry into age the freshness of early feelings; how perfectly he understood the child-heart of grief and loneliness is strikingly indicated in his autobiography.

The principal disturbing element in his first reverie-haunted days was a brother who was the impersonation of the actual and active, as De Quincey was of the ideal and passive; and as the former qualities forever make boister-

ous inroads upon the latter, the little dreamer was early made to feel what it is to have "life's sweet keys jangled out of tune."

But all his experiences with his pugilistic brother were not so trying to the shrinking child as the fearful ordeals of affliction whereby he so early beheld the grim visage of death. Is there anything in all literature—save Richter's "Prayer of the Dead Christ"—sadder or more exquisitely beautiful than De Quincey's trance in the death-chamber of his sister, where he heard the "hollow, solemn Memnonian wind arising with saintly swell, and saw the shaft which ran up forever, and realized the flight of the solitary child to the solitary God—flight from the ruined corpse to the throne that could not be ruined?"

At school De Quincey became discontented, because detained too long amidst surroundings he had outgrown. One of his masters said to a visitor, pointing to De Quincey: "There is a lad who could harangue an Athenian mob better than you or I could address an English one." On the refusal of his guardian to place him in the university, he ran away from school and lived for awhile a wandering life. The consequences of this adventure were most serious, as his exposures and sufferings from hunger planted the seeds of future disease, which resulted in his seeking in opium relief from the tortures medicine could not abate. When his pathetic adventures ended, he settled at Oxford, where he made acquaintance with the writings of Wordsworth and Coleridge. The "Ancient Mariner," he says, assisted in the unfolding of his mind, and his sensibilities were laid hold of by the greatness of our own literature.

After his life at Oxford came his settlement at Grasmere, where he enjoyed solitude, relieved by the society of Southey, Wordsworth, Coleridge, and Wilson. Here he lived and suffered for twenty-seven years. He married an English wife, who proved as devoted as a "Greek Electra,"

while little children gathered about his dream-haunted pillow to dispel the fearful illusions that so often tormented him.

Again and again he would experience the feeling, strangely tantalizing, of pre-existence, and feel that years before ever seeing Grasmere he had known that "here, in some distant year, I shall be shaken with love, and then with stormiest grief."

And now he was under the stern discipline of our "Lady of Sighs and Tears and Darkness," who taught him that life's most trying ordeals are to the end of the realization of his own true words, that "so shall he be accomplished in the furnace; so shall he see elder truths, sad truths, fearful truths; so shall he rise again before he dies, and his heart be plagued until the capacities of his spirit are unfolded." But when he had learned in some measure "to bear the scepter of self-dominion through life and the passion of life," when affliction had robbed him, when he had fought and partly conquered the drug which was at once both friend and foe, a peaceful old age of literary activity was granted him, and his daughters kept for the "old man eloquent" a sunny home at Lasswade, where friends and strangers gladly gathered, attracted by his courtly manners, and the silver tones of his voice uttering recondite truths and subtle fancies, till, at the age of seventy-five, the "fierce vexation of life's dream was ended."

It is said that the writings of Thomas De Quincey, numbering some twenty volumes, have had little influence upon any readers save those who love literature for its own sake. Like Milton's, his students are "few but fit;" yet in the whole range of English literature there are no authors better worth reading for literature's own sake.

De Quincey possessed a refined mind, with the lofty imagination of a poet united to a logical acumen that enabled him to be interested in political economy and the sage maxims of philosophy.

His command of language is marvelous; his words are wedded to his ideas in a union most appropriate.

Other writers may have left literary remains which, in the practical affairs of life, are more available; but while man spends at least one-third of life in slumber, while he is such "stuff as dreams are made of, and his little life is rounded by a sleep," he may find in the visions of an English opium eater many suggestions congenial to his moral and æsthetic nature.

B. P. DRURY.

ATTIC SOCIETY.

It is one thing to wander in a forest day by day, examining each tree, its peculiar growth and foliage, and the texture of the wood; to bow down, as well, with loving patience, and gather and sift endless species of herbs, flowers, grasses, and berries, and examine the chemical composition of the soil in which all grow — to do this, and give an exact and detailed botanical account of what is found, is one thing. Whoever wishes to hear of Attic life analogous to such an examination may turn to Athenæus' "Deipnosophistæ," or turn over the pages of C. F. Hermann's "Private Antiquities," and be astonished at the wealth of bibliography on 'all points, however detailed. Becker's "Charicles" will suggest itself to every one. Professor Mahaffy, of Dublin, has recently written a book on "Social Greece." It would be very easy for me to enumerate a great number of points where he is quite inaccurate. M. is certainly pleasant reading.

But to return to our simile. Such botanical and minute discussion is forbidden by the short space of a few hours. We must be content with viewing from afar; we may distinguish the hills and forests and meadows, the course of

the brook and the willows that line its bank, and perhaps carry home a tolerable sketch of the entire landscape. A pleasing comparison this may be, but I certainly shall endeavor to do without any panegyric veil of rose-color, or even salmon-colored pink.

The characters of Sophocles and the sculptures of Phidias and Praxiteles, the Parthenon and the stately figure of Athene Polias, are not the Athens of which I wish to speak. Not Trafalgar Square and Westminster, not Shakespeare, Milton, and Tennyson, are England. Hogarth, rather, is the proper source of studying England in the eighteenth century. "Pepys' Diary" is a trustworthy guide to the study of London under the Third Stuart, and Dickens for the present time. Aristophanes, then, we will use to some extent, and Xenophon, Plato, and Euripides. The latter, imbibing deeply in all the new streams of culture which began to flow towards Athens in the second half of the fifth century, exhibits the stamp of the times incomparably more than his great compeer, Sophocles.

We shall wrong the composer of the "Antigone" if we should try to foist upon him any other literary character than call him the favored child of the Greek art-spirit — favored, to conceive the outlines of man in their truth, independently of any special epoch, and to connect them into dramas — *δία τῆς γλώσσης* — in language which is a charming instance of the subtle symmetry and moderation which goes far to represent the ethical and æsthetic fundamental conceptions of the Hellenic mind. Our task, then — for it is high time to indicate the necessary limits — will be this. We will first attempt to set clearly before our mind the general conception of society in Hellas, and Athens especially, and the essential features in which it differs from the modern. Then there will be two main chapters: first, the epoch of Aristophanes; second, the society drama of the new Attic comedy (Menander).

The humanistic conception proper of human society is often, in a very loose manner, imputed to the Greeks and Romans. The equality of all men, their equal claim for recognition as members of the same family, and all the introduction to the Declaration of Independence, would have appeared absurd to Pericles, and peculiar, at least, to Plato and to Aristotle. (See the latter's definition of *δουλος*. — Polit. I, 5: "Who by nature [*φύσει* — intrinsically] belongs not to himself, but to another, and is — a slave.")

The first great distinction which we must recognize is between Hellenes and Barbarians. We all know that the very harsh force which the term now bears is but the result of a gradual development. "Barbar" is properly a very innocent and quite relative name. Professor Kiepert, of Berlin, views it as an onomato-poetic formation, like *Leleg* — *βαρζ, βαρροφώνων*. But in time, with the rising of culture, and especially after the Persian wars, the consciousness and pride of Hellenism seems to have increased materially. The two points which the Greek mind seem to have noted especially were submission to the absolutism of an autocratic ruler and the illiberality which ensued therefrom, and extravagant luxury in food and dress. Euripides' "Helena," verses 273 and 99, complains in truly Hellenic spirit (being in Egypt):

"And then, away from native land the gods
Have placed me, 'mong barbarian people, and bereft of friends,
A slave I am, away from the land of the free,
For with Barbarians all is slave but one."

Orest., 1110. *Pyl.* Why, the Phrygians I'll not dread at all;

Or. They being but keepers of mirrors and unguents.

Pyl. Why does she come hither with Trojan pomp?

Or. Aye, so that Hellas seems a small chamber to her.

Pyl. The tribe of slaves amounts to nothing 'gainst the free.

And verse 1507, Euripides makes a Phrygian fall on his knees before Orestes, who replies:

"This is not in Ilium, but in Argvian land."

And thus even Plato (Rep. V, p. 469), treating on the proper mode of war, laying down a kind of inter-Hellenic law, says: "Must we not, then, on the one hand, only purchase a Greek as slave ourselves, and advise the other Hellenes in this manner? By all means," he said. "Thus they might turn more against the Barbarians." Hellenic commonwealths, when vanquished in war, should never be sold into slavery. Pressing the homogeneousness of descent and other common points, Plato declares that wars between Hellenes should really be considered as internal turmoil only, and not war properly. "For I assert," he says (470 c), "that the Hellenic tribe is mutually related, and is of kin, but foreign and strange to the Barbarian tribe." But only at the Olympian games, in the sanctuary of the Delphian Apollo, and when facing the common foe from the East, was there any consciousness and expression of unity. The circle proper within which there was any society that considered one another as near and friends, and had the same laws, and rites, and customs, was, from first to last, the *ἡλλάς*. Beyond these narrow limits society never issued — many small ponds, keeping anxiously within the same limits, admitting any rivulet from abroad but rarely and sparingly, and impatient of any attempt to combine all the waters into one great lake.

The individual was nothing; the State, the *ἡλλάς*, was all. And the fatherland — but why not rather hear the eloquent words of Socrates, spoken in the dungeon to Criton — words which have not ceased to ring in the ears of Platon's readers ever since (Crito. 51 b): "You have overlooked the fact that the *πατρίς* is more precious than mother and father and all ancestors, and more exalted and sacred, and much more honored with the gods and with men of sense; and we must treat our *πατρίς* with reverence, and subject ourselves to it, and flatter it when it is angry, more than a father," etc. And Eurip. Phœnissæ, 388 seq., Tocasta of Thebes addresses her banished son:

"What is't to be bereft of native land? Is't a great evil?"

Polynices. Most great, but actually greater than in theory.

As the greatest evil — and here we may begin to study the general aspect of Attic society especially — as the greatest evil he counts the want of *ἡαῖρ' ἰγοία*. Euripides speaks the Attic want of free exchange of thought, of opportunity for question and debate and discussion on the market-place, at the barber's, in the gymnasium. Distinctive feature it was, indeed, of Athens; the terse and short way of the Laconian was not Attic fashion, nor the rigid and immovable aspect of Spartan life at all palatable to the Attic tastes and the intrinsic endowment of Athens.

Thucydides, in the famous *ἑπτάφυλος* (II, 35-46); puts into the mouth of the greatest Athenian statesman a splendid, though terse, review of characteristic features in the political aspect, the civilization and society, of Atticā; a review of the time when she was arrived at the summit, which she was to leave forever; an essay, we might call it, brilliant and of unsurpassed interest for its subject-matter and its author. There we have, on the outset, the ancient notion — dear to all Attic hearts as Plymouth Rock to the Massachusetts man, and Pocahontas, and Lord Baltimore, and William Penn to this state and its neighbors — the notion of Attic autochthony; that there was no break in the genealogical line back to the sons of the gods and the gods, but that ever they had worshiped Athene and the Apollo of the fathers on the same spot, on the same soil — that they were no immigrants. See Eurip. *Erechtheus* (fr. 15 Dind.).

This is a fundamental point in our consideration. The matter of pure descent, so continually brought forward — the poets, historians, orators of the commonwealth repeating it again and again — could not but have this social effect: that individuals, too, and families and *gentes*, were proud of their descent. To be of an old and noble house

was a great matter; not only when Megacles married a princess, and Miltiades the elder received the protectorship of a principality, but down to the times of Cleon, Euripides, and of Plato.

But we must return to Thucydides for a few sentences more — only for a few: “We are distinguished, also, from the habits of our adversaries [Sparta] by the following opposite features: We offer, you know, our commonwealth [sojourn in it] freely to all, and do not sometimes, by means of official expulsion of all strangers, exclude any one from acquiring any attainment in learning, or from the contemplation of any work of art, by the public presentation of which any one from the numbers of our adversaries might be benefited.” As for poverty (c. 40): “It is a disgrace to any one to assert that he is not poor [when he is], but a greater disgrace not to escape from being poor, in actual life.” Further on: “We alone consider him who takes no part at all in public affairs, not a man who dislikes meddling, but a *useless* man.” Let us pause and notice here the thorough difference in the aspect of society. To let public affairs alone, and arrange one’s entire life for the benefit of one’s family and one’s friends, was out of the question in Athens. At best, such a one was viewed with suspicion. The moderate limits of the *ἰδιότης*, not the interminable extent of our modern Londons, were the sphere of life and conversation. Athens, in its best time, had not more than about 20,000 citizens. Of our titles and office-hours the free, out-door life of Athens knew nothing. Of rare exceptions — as, of Ninias — antiquity took especial notice.

One of the oldest and most venerable arrangements was the distribution of all true-born Athenians into *φρατρίαι* — brotherhoods. This family notion and expression of close kinship remained as a potent social factor all during the political development. Personality and social distinction was thus insured a notoriety unknown to our modern life,

which is spent in a very great variety of channels and innumerable walks and paths, distinct and apart from one another. Let us, then, keep this as one of the bases of our further review. Attic life peculiarly simple, direct in its relations, universal in the participation of the interest and attention of its people.

A great factor affecting the general and social character of Athenians was their commerce, reaching from the eastern shores of the Black Sea to the Straits of Gibraltar. In this respect Athens became a prototype of our modern Londons and New Yorks. To this we may add the characteristic avidity for news and knowledge, the restless, mercurial disposition of the Attic mind. Here Spartan life formed a strange contrast. It was cast in a mould of iron, deliberately fixed for centuries, immovable, the same before and afterwards; removed from the sea, hostile to any social and commercial approach, jealous of any innovation; sound, if you please, but sober and severe; healthy, it may be, but heavy. Here let us pause a little and look at Plato's theory. Life and theory — are they not even now, and ever will be, the sum of individual existence? But as now, so it was then — opposition of the two; little approach, little love for one another, each demanding to remodel the other. As for Plato, his thought and theory on life, as he found it about him, was about the reverse of Goethe's:

“*Grau, mein Freund, ist alle Theorie,
Grün ist allein des Lebens goldener Baum.*”

He held this axiom: The life of persons, of society, and of commonwealths will not be right nor good before the true philosopher takes the helm, after having remodeled and rebuilt the entire vessel. Immobility of those forms of life and that arrangement of society which he considered best, fixed sameness of it all he demands, and behold! he praises for this trait the art and life of the Egyptians. To-day he

would, perhaps, choose the Chinese. But let us hear him on this subject. He says (*Legg. II, 650 d. seq.*): "Once upon a time, right long ago, as it seems, this theory of which we are now treating came to be appreciated by them, viz., that the youths in the cities must practice forms of dance that were beautiful, and melodies that were beautiful. Having settled this, they showed at the sacred festivals what and how it should be, and neither the painters nor any other class employed in the production of forms were permitted to make any innovation different from these, nor invent anything not in accordance with tradition; nor are they now permitted to do so, either in these or in any department of culture. If you will look, you will find there their paintings and plastic productions, executed 10,000 years ago — not so as to say 10,000 years, but really neither more nor less beautiful than what is now being produced, executed in the same technic."

We have spoken of the pliable character of Attic life. The place of the individual, too, was far more bearable than in most other commonwealths. While there was not the utter laxity and frivolity and emancipation of the Ionian and Sicilian civilization, there was wanting, on the other hand, the stern and absolute subordination of the individual, its education, work, and position, and entire life to the purposes of the community, as in Sparta. This comparative liberty of the individual at Athens was abominated by Plato. The political condition — democracy — more developed than anywhere else in Greece, had some effect, of course, in giving individuals and those of lower rank more consideration — a certain measure being always of social and individual consideration — meted out to every one in a republic, outwardly, at least, because the pariah wields his ballot as well as the man who counts his ancestors and his acres and slaves, and fees the poet, and the painter and sculptor, and plays the Mæcenas generally. But let us

hear Plato (Rep. VIII, 557): "In what style, then, said I, do these live? Of course, in the first place, they are free, and the community becomes filled with liberty and free speech, and one may do in it what one pleases. And it is plain that, where one may, each individual may arrange his own life in that way which he prefers. In this form of commonwealth, most of all, there should, I think, be developed a variety of people" [characters]. And then, I think, he grows a little sarcastic: "Perhaps this form of commonwealth is the fairest of all to behold, like a variegated *ἰματίων*, adorned with all kinds of colors. Thus it may, too, perhaps, seem fairest, being adorned with all kinds of characters; and, perhaps, I said, many may judge it the fairest, like women and children contemplating variegated garments." [I may here express my hope that Plato did not make any anticipatory allusion to Dolly Varden prints or cardinal red, etc.] And (561 d.): "Does he not, then, spend his daily life in this fashion, obsequious to whatever desire may befall him; now in cups and wild music, now drinking water and losing flesh; sometimes in gymnastic training, sometimes in laziness and caring for nothing, sometimes in a show of occupying himself with philosophy."

But we have no time to defend Plato's countrymen and townsmen against his polemics. Perhaps they were better than he makes them, and, on the other hand, not quite so perfect as Mr. Grote would have them to have been. As I said in the beginning, if we are not one-sided in our view of the literature, we will neither lose our judgment in an ecstasy of wild enthusiasm nor turn away from the contemplation of the ancients with a supercilious brow and a haughty mien, and the self-satisfied air and the full-blown cheek of nineteenth-century brag.

It is a necessity in the vegetation of this life that many should toil with muscle, many plow the soil, many be occu-

pied with many devices and pursuits, and thus be cut off from the possibility of studying themselves in the history of men. But if we look to those who might do more, do not they prepare for themselves, many of them, little baubles, an artificial vegetation in which they are delighted to exist, and where they are happy beyond measure if they have neglected definitely, and allowed to die, personality and individuality, and, instead, entered into a life of their own, where they all are like clever *automata* from the workshop of some modern Dædalus, to arrange soul and body into a certain variety of certain functions, and to know no other object to employ the mind than these same functions. Let us not forget our endowment. Let us see in this practical aspect, too, whether these words of Plato would have an object in our time (*Leges*. VIII, 831 c): "Love of riches, which keeps man continually in want of time to attend to anything but his private property — attached to which, every soul of every citizen can never have any care for other things but the daily lucre; and whatever attainment or pursuit has a bearing in this direction, every one, of his own person, is most willing to learn and exercise, but laughs at the rest."

THE EPOCH OF ARISTOPHANES.

I do not call it so because this man had stamped his character upon it. But, still, there is some reason for choosing this name. He, more than any other man of letters, saw the great crisis in Attic political and cultural development, in the full measure of its actual limits, from beginning to end; and that time, too, I am bold to say that it is the focus of interest to the classical scholar. Then Euripides and Sophocles wrote, then Athens began a new volume — not a leaf, merely — in her cultural mission, though many knew it not. Then science and theoretical elaboration of facts began in Hellas. A great war tore up Hellas, and

shook it so severely that it never fully rallied—a great war, fit to be told for all time, and to all times, by the greatest historiographer of the ancient world. Attic philosophy began; Socrates lived and died in this period, a fountain-head of rare importance, from whom issued Plato, Xenophon, Antisthenes, Euclides, Aristippus. Oratory, too, began, with Gorgias, to kindle the hidden resources of Athens in this line.

Let us, then, look behind the leaves of the somber historian of the Peloponnesian war, behind the scenes described by him; let us see how the life and society at home was of the men who fought ambitiously and failed wretchedly, but tragically, on the Island of Sicily; that tried arms across the Kithæron with the sturdy Bœotian; that sailed about all the Ægean frantically, and tried in vain to keep or increase their power—the life and society of the men who, after so much exultation of temporary success, ambitious hopes, and sad apprehensions—after so many lives and means sacrificed in vain—saw their strength in the long walls and the fleet, that once had ruled the sea, go down.

As for the comedies of Aristophanes himself, it is generally a little difficult to solve the purely social from the political features. Besides, he did not wish to objectively delineate society as it actually was, but show what, in his judgment, should not be and what should be. There are, however, amongst the bones of the fragments remaining of lost comedies of Aristophanes himself, as well as of other writers, some very valuable pickings. (Rem. on Athenæus.)

But this garment of life and society—with the same warp to-day, but ever-changing woof—this garment had then many threads of different quality and color interwoven into a whole. We cannot look at all of these threads—all are too many for our time; some are too coarse, and some are

so subtle and nice as to be appreciable only to the practiced touch of the classical philologist. We might suspect such matters as caste and class, aristocracy, children, youth, old age, education and culture, professions and pursuits, religious sentiment, slaves, table and conversation, wealth and the wealthy, and woman. I hope the ancient gentlemen of Athens, notably Thucydides, will pardon me for being at all so bold as to introduce their wives and daughters at all.

Sec. 1. Aristocracy — Caste — Class.

When Herodotus came to Athens, some time before the Peloponnesian war, he picked up, as he did everywhere, anecdote and story, to weave into his history. It seems that some of the first families favored him with episodes of ancestral glory and distinction of their houses. Some of the traditions of family pride and gratification are so detailed and so grand that Herodotus can only have heard them from some scion of the noble house concerned. Such a one is the really splendid story about Megacles' marriage to Agarista. But there were other aristocratic family stories not quite so magnificent and honorable. Such, too, Herodotus seems to have heard at Athens. I think it not very bold to conjecture that such came to him, or certain variations in them, from either general popular tradition in Athens at large, or that they were kindly administered to him by rival families. Such a story, truly mixed, is that about Alcmaeon (Herod. VI, 125), the contemporary of Cræsus. He had done the wealthy king of Lydia some service, in assisting his embassy to Delphi. Cræsus was grateful. He invited Alcmaeon to Sardis. He gives him, as a present, the permission to take as much gold out as he can carry on his person at one time. The distinguished beneficiary procured an under-garment of extra size, with an ample fold in front, put on the widest shoes that could be found, and, thus equipped, entered into the treasure-chamber. Here he threw himself on a heap of

gold-dust and filled his shoes around his ankles with as much as they would hold, and then he filled all the front fold with gold, and, having filled the hair on his head, and his hands, with gold-dust, and having taken some into his mouth, he walked out of the treasure-chamber looking like anything but a man, dragging along his shoes with difficulty, his mouth wiped, and everything over-bulky — out of all proportion.

Perhaps the common people delighted in bruited about and keeping alive such stories about the aristocracy; it may be, too, that another old and wealthy family presented the Ionian traveler with this savory story. But, in general, it seems that the most splendid and honorable family traditions were kept up, without any decrease of satisfaction in the possessors. Thus, the family record of descent was kept with great accuracy in the family of Critias, to whom Plato was related. Nor had the intensely aristocratic notions died out. Such was the belief that moral and physical excellence were, and were of course, concomitants of noble descent. In the "Protagoras" (316 *a*, 299), Hippocrates is introduced to the distinguished professor, at the house of Callias, as belonging to a great house and a wealthy οἰκίας μεγάλης τε καὶ εὐδαιμονος. It may be, however, in this instance, that Socrates would commend the youth especially to the great man from Abdera as being likely to pay good fees. And to young Charmides, whom, with the boy's cousin, Critias, Socrates meets after his return from the seat of war in the North, he says that he must needs be, εὖ πεφουκῶς τῆν χρῆν, of goodly character, being of so noble a house. The boy is of great beauty and of perfect form, and a great number of admirers follow him into the wrestling-school of Taureas. Socrates treats his beauty as a proper possession of one who belongs to the κάλοι καὶ ἀάθοι. Then "he wishes, certainly," Socrates says, "to partake in the conversation?" "By all means," Critias said, "being a friend

of knowledge, and has quite a gift towards poetical composition, as others and he himself think." "As for that gift, my dear Critias, you possess it by descent from a distance, from your relationship to Solon."

A pendant to young Charmides we have in another young boy of noble family, Lysis, the scene being in a wrestling-school recently built, that of Mikkos. Hippothales, himself a young man of family, as the name implies, is an admirer of the boy, and praises him in verse. The boy's father's name is Democrates. A young aristocrat from the same set as Hippothales, Ktesippus, relates to Socrates the following: "What all the city knows like an old song, concerning Democrates and Lysis, the grandfather of the boy and all their ancestors, their wealth and horse-keeping, and victories at Delphi, and on the Isthmus, and at Nemea, with four-in-hands and single racers—these are the themes of his poetry and his conversation; but, in addition, things even more antediluvian (*χρονολωτέρα*) than these. For this morning he enlarged to us, in a kind of poem, on the entertainment given to Hercules, namely: that their ancestor received Hercules as a guest on account of his being related to Hercules, being himself descended from Zeus and the daughter of the Archegētēs Dēmos—the very sort of thing the old women will harp on—and many other things of that sort." (Lysis, p. 205.)

In the first part of Aristophanes' "Acharnians," a citizen named Amphytheus insists upon going as ambassador to Sparta, putting forward as the main argument in his favor his noble descent. We must not be misled by the hyperbolic presentation, so necessary an element in all the hits at persons or classes which Aristophanes makes. The herald says (the Ecclesia beginning a session): Who claims the floor?

Amph. I do.

Her. What name?

Amph. Amphitheus !

Her. Not a man ?

Amph. No, but immortal. For Amphitheus was son of Demeter and Triptolemus ; from him is Keleos derived, and Keleos marries my grandam, Phænairite ; she bore Lykinos, and for being his son, I am immortal. *Me* the gods did give the trust of making peace with Sparta — me alone, I say. But, being immortal, fellow-citizens, I've no gold for traveling. The Prytanēs give me nothing.

This man seems to have been of a very illustrious, but impoverished, family. After all, broad lands and full coffers are the best means of upholding claims of family and descent. The *mis en scène* of Plato's "Laches," I think, gives us some information of similar character. There Lysimachus appears, son of Aristides the Just, and Milesias, a son of the great rival of Pericles. Both seem poor, both rather complain of the retirement and insignificance in which they pass their lives, and noble as Lysimachus is by descent, and glorious as the family traditions were, he calls himself an *ἐργασιος* of Socrates' father, Sophoniscus.

Several points are connected with our present topic which, I think, explain somewhat (better than it yet has been done) the extreme bitterness of Aristophanes' attack on Cleon, apart from the personal grudge they bore each other. (Lit. Hist. Episode, Knights from Babyl.) The politics of the leading men had really not changed materially after the demise of Pericles, but the men that now began to take the helm were *hommes novi*. Socially, Miltiades, Aristides, Kimon, Thucydides, Milesias, as well as Pericles, were aristocrats. Nicias, the contemporary and rival of Cleon, had a pedigree and immense wealth. But Cleon was none of the *καλοὶ κληρονομοὶ* ; he had no family tradition, and there was no luster on his father's name. He was no gentleman, in the English sense of the term ; but he was the leader of the *δημῶς* by gifts and character. He was a tanner ; but we

must not imagine him as working himself in a tanner's working-frock and apron, and emitting the peculiar perfume of the trade, but conceive him as the owner of a factory worked by slaves, importing green hides and dealing at wholesale in tanned hides. Aristophanes tries to stigmatize him as brutal and coarse, and uneducated and illiberal. Aside from the high testimony which Thucydides expresses regarding his position and capacity, why did the attack of Aristophanes remain so entirely without effect? Because the spectators knew better. The knights have, however, another than a political interest, too. They certainly show us the lower walks and characters of Attic life, like the sausage-seller (verse 214). Speech and deportment, *αγυρᾶτος*, from the market, corresponding to our "picked up on the street," his voice harsh, his descent bearing no close scrutiny. The altercation and dispute between the sausage-seller and Cleon — as Aristophanes *makes* him speak — may certainly stand for a typical illustration of two pariahs on the *agora* of Athens, ancient Billingsgate. The market — what a pity that we have no more full scenes from the Attic market than we actually have — the market, with its vendors from Bœotia and Megara, its cooks and peddlers, its huck-stresses of greens and bread, its cheese-mongers, fish-mongers, bird-fanciers, flower-girls, peddlers of oracles, etc. Here we would find a goodly array of characters and scenes from the lower rounds of the social ladder. Some connected idea, at least, of the market we may get from the "Acharnians," and I would beg to offer a somewhat longer extract from that delightful and clever play. The two interlocutors are Dicæopolis, the Attic farmer, the hero of the play, and a Bœotian who comes to deal :

Bœotian. I, by Hercules! I've made my shoulder ache wretchedly.
Put down the pennyroyal slowly, Ismenias;
But all ye players of the flute, from Thebes, you, here —
You blow upon your flute of hollow bones the hangman's wedding-march.

Now Dicæopolis comes out, and, astonished at the seekers of traffic or employment, says, mainly with regard to the incessant flute-playing, or, rather, clarionet-playing, of the Bœotian professionals :

Dicæopolis. Stop! The devil! Won't you wasps leave my doors?
Whence have the confounded rascals flown hither—
The humming, buzzing sons of Chæris—to my door?

Bæot. By Iolaos! you are quite right, stranger;
For, piping all the way from Thebes,
They've blown the blossoms of my pennyroyal on the ground.
But buy if you like, selecting from what I bring,
Of the chickens or the quadrupeds.

Dicæop. Ah! good-day to you, my good bread-munching Bœotian.
What d'ye bring?

Bæot. Whatever, in a word, there is good things in Bœotia.
Marjoram, pennyroyal, rush-mats, wicks,
Ducks, jackdaws, water-hens, coots,
Sand-pipers, divers.

Dicæop. Why, you've come like a hurricane of feathered game upon the mart.

Bæot. And I do bring geese, hares, foxes,
Moles, hedgehogs, weasels, beavers,
Martens, otters, eels from Lake Copais.

After this glance at the lower classes, a few words about the middle classes will suffice. We have them, I think, represented in Dicæopolis, in the "Acharnians;" in Strep-siades, in the "Clouds," and Trygæus, in the "Peace" of Aristophanes. All three have a great love for the country; they are properly from the country. Dicæopolis, sitting alone on the Pnyx (Ach. 29, 299): "And then, when I'm alone, I sigh and yawn, and stretch myself; don't know what to do; make notes, pull my beard, and ponder, looking towards the country, desiring for peace, hating the town, but yearning after my *δῆμος*, which never said, Buy coals, nor vinegar, nor oil, nor knew that saw of buy—but furnished all himself, and said good-by to buy."

Trygæus, whose very name indicates his pursuit, is the hero of the "Peace," and, like Dicæopolis in the "Acharnians," brings about a glorious consummation of his plans

for peace, ascending to the Olympus on a huge dung-beetle to negotiate with the gods. For the γεωργοί—the (verse 510) farmers—were the main friends of having peace concluded, they suffering most; the marine population being, perhaps, better off than in peace. A very pleasant sketch of the farmers we have, “Peace,” 11, 27, 299:

“ Battles do I not enjoy, but spending my time at the fire-side with good chums, burning of the sticks dried most thoroughly in the summer, roasting some peas, kissing the Thracian servant-maid while my wife is taking a bath. Nothing, you know, is pleasanter than having your seeds in the ground already, and Zeus sending down a light rain, and some neighbor or other say, ‘Tell me, what shall we do, Comar-chides?’ I like to take a cup while heaven is kind. But roast three quarts of the beans, wife, and mix some wheat with them; take out some of the figs; let Syra call Manes from the field, for it’s altogether impossible to-day to do any vine-trimming, nor clod-breaking, as the land is wet. And, for all I care, let some one bring out the thrustle and the two sparrows. And there was some curdled milk, too, and four hares—if the weasel did not steal any in the evening. There was, at least, some kind of noise and hubbub in the house. Bring three of them, boy—one give to father; and ask Aischinades for some of his fruit-bearing myrtles. And on the same errand let some one call Charinades to take a cup with us, God being kind and helpful to the plowed fields. But when the cricket chirps its sweet melody, then I have my pleasure in looking over my Lemnian vines, whether their fruit ripens already, for the species ripens early in the season; and I like to see the fig swelling, and when ’tis ripe, I eat and fall to, and (*b*) say at the same time—dear seasons!”

EDUCATION AS ADJUSTMENT.

The practical teacher has to deal with mind, not as the metaphysician, in the abstract, not as the moral philosopher, with mind fully developed, but with mind in its concrete and organic manifestation — with the undeveloped and the unspecialized mind. Then, within what category of thought should mind be embraced by the teacher? We would reply that the most advanced educational thought views the mind as a complex spiritual organism of powers and faculties — an organism which grows and develops like the body — in conformity to surrounding forces and influences. Life itself we only know as one of the mysterious forces which pulsate throughout the mighty *cosmos* which enspheres us. This vital force reveals itself to our apprehension under the double aspect of an internal energy responding to counter external energies; life and force, within, responding to conditions and forces without. Hence life may be defined as a spontaneous force which, through the process of organization, adjusts itself to the activities and relations in its environment. Within such a definition, mind may be truly embraced. Mind, or consciousness, is a manifestation of life in its highest form; it is life acting with an intelligent recognition of itself, and using and modifying the forces of its environment in order to promote its growth and development. By thus including mind in the synthesis of life, education, as a science, is made to take its place among the biological sciences. As a science, its laws, processes, and facts can be expressed in the terms of life in general — such as *growth*, *development*, and *adjustment*. When the educational process produces an increased power and efficiency in using the mental acquisitions already learned, it is then truly termed a growth. When this process produces an organization of new experiences, so as to bring about a

greater complexity of function, it is then truly termed an evolution, or development, which consists in an increase of mental structure. By growth, the mind acquires greater power in doing what it has already learned; by development, it takes on itself new determinations in thinking and willing. But when education is viewed as a movement due to the self-activity of mind which grows and develops from within outward, in conformity with environing relations, it is then truly termed an *organic adjustment*. While education finds the law of its genesis, according to which the mental faculties unfold in growth and development, it finds the law of its *form* in adjustment, by which the mind, as an organism, becomes moulded into conformity with environing relations, cosmical, social, moral, and religious. Hence, education is an organic process or movement which has for the ideal form to be realized the harmonious adjustment of the mental organism to those environing relations in which man's well-being is involved.

But what is meant by organic and mental adjustment? The form which inorganic matter — as, a piece of marble — may be made to assume, depends upon the will of the operator. The two factors in the process are intelligent will plus the plasticity of matter. But in vital changes, and in the growth and development of the mind, the two factors are the internal force of self-activity plus the external world as a counter-force. Matter is the type of passivity; mind or life, of activity. If the former increases in size, it is by a mere mechanical accretion, while the latter grows and develops through a vital secretion, and assimilation of material drawn from surrounding nature. A living organism is the seat of a continuous interaction of forces, vital and cosmical, internal and external. Life, being self-aim, ever strives to make the most of its circumstances — to adjust or adapt itself to environing relations — that it may draw from these the assimilable material by which it maintains its growth and development. The seed destined to become

a tree, when planted in the earth, obeying this law of organic adjustment, develops through a polar antithesis. One part grows downward into the earth, sending out roots in all directions in search of moisture, while the other part mounts upward into the sunlight, that it may draw from the atmosphere the means of life and growth. A vine planted in a darkened cellar fails to develop into the full vigor of life, because there is wanting a correspondence between the internal vital force and its environment. The vital force of the plant demands the external stimulus of light. If a ray of light be made to shine in upon the vine from a particular point, the vital energy, as if impelled by an instinctive love of the light, will begin to adjust itself to its surroundings by growing towards the light. The eyes of fish in cavernous streams, where no light shines, are rudimentary, because the internal organ of vision is correlated with the external stimulus of light. The same law of correlation and adjustment operates in physical or mental life.

Among the inferior races of men, while there is displayed a great acuteness of the external senses, there is a marked deficiency in the higher developments of mind, such as judgment and the power of abstract thought. The Damara living in South Africa cannot count four without resorting to the use of his fingers; yet he seldom loses oxen from his herd — not because he is able to count them, but because he misses a familiar face. The mental adjustment to the enviroing relations of his low and simple life does not call into activity the higher faculties of mind, which, in his case, exist in a mere rudimentary form. Hence, the more simple and direct is the organic adjustment, the lower and more simple is the life; the higher and more complex the adjustment, the higher and more complex is the life. Life is conditioned by its power to respond to the forces in its environment. Adjustment, or death, is the stern law of nature, operating throughout all the realms of life, from the protozoan up to man, with the social organisms which he

has developed. Under the operation of this law, whole dynasties and kingdoms of life have disappeared during geologic ages. For the same reason, the whole pathway of human history is strewn with dead ideas, dead systems, and dead civilizations.

To attempt to adjust the law and simple mental organism of the Damara to the complex social relations of the civilized man would result in his destruction. The American Indian cannot be civilized, for the reason that ages of wild life have produced a mental structure which cannot be made to respond to our complex and multitudinous social relations, which tax to the uttermost all the powers of the trained civilized mind.

Thus, conscious life, like life in all its other forms, manifests itself as an action and reaction between mind and its environment. But this interaction in man's present state of being is carried on through a material organism, "whose function is to bridge over the *hiatus* between the individual consciousness and the external world, and thus to bring them into mutual communication." Man possesses two lives — a duality of being. He has a vegetative life, which works on with a blind mechanism in the same unchangeable and uniform manner. But the life which we call *psychical* — from *psychee*, the Greek for soul — can vary the forms of its activity; can even suspend its action during sleep, and can specialize itself in various directions, to enable man to adjust himself to the ever-varying relations of space and time. The material medium through which this interaction between the soul and the external world is carried on consists of a complex nervous mechanism, which, as it culminates in the brain, performs the double function of both *impression* and *expression*.

Hence, the first condition of an accurate and efficient mental adjustment is clear and distinct sensations. The nervous mechanism must be developed and trained into special modes of action, so that the senses may perform their

functions with increased efficiency, and the entire organism become endowed with new and increased power. Man, when his mind has been trained and developed through this material medium, possesses a threefold order of mental adjustment.

Through sensation, perception, and voluntary motion, he can act in harmony with time and space — relations that are direct and immediate. Through memory and imagination, he can recall his past experiences, and combine these either in the form of the actual or the ideal; so that he is able to rise above “the creeping paths of the senses,” and to live a life in ideas. By compounding and recomounding those impressions, perceptions, and ideas, he rises into those higher phases of mental life known as conception, judgment, and reason, through which he can adjust the order of his thought to relations that are complex and heterogeneous — to remote sequences in time, and to far-off co-existences in space.

What has now been said of organic and mental adjustment shows that it is a twofold idea — the living, growing organism correlated, with its environment, to the forces of which life responds, and assumes, in harmony with the nature of these forces, its special form of development. The complex relations to which man by education is required to adjust himself are of a threefold order: We have Nature, Man, and God; or the phenomena, which are physical, social, and spiritual. The first has given rise to natural science, which is for the intellect; the second, to society in its three forms, known as the family, the community, and the State; and the third, to religion, through which man adjusts and regulates his life according to the requirements of divine law.

The Creator has given man the whole earth as the sphere of his action and development. Its lands and seas, the distant heavens as far as his eye is able to scan their starry heights, he can inwardly claim as his own — as the

objects of his study, and as the field for the development of his powers. From this point of view, science may be regarded as the artificial mechanism which the human mind has constructed in its efforts to adjust the world of thought to the world of things. Thus, the education of the individual is a miniature repetition of the education of the entire race, the mental development of which has consisted in an increasing adjustment of thought to the co-existences and sequences of external nature. "The whole mind of the savage," says Bagehot, "is, so to say, tattooed over with monstrous images." The structure of his thought has not been organized in harmony with the beautiful and beneficent order of nature. The aspect of nature fills his mind with images of terror; the appearance of a comet, or an eclipse of the sun or moon, is the harbinger of pestilence and war. But the developed civilized man, in the midst of enviroing relations to which he is successfully adjusting the order of his thought through an increasing knowledge, triumphs over nature, and makes himself master of her laws and forces. Hence, the meaning or purpose of all education, culture, and development is to produce a mental adjustment and correspondence which shall be a counterpart of the outlying world of nature; in a word, to develop the microcosm of thought into harmony with the macrocosm of the universe, as this hangs in space and journeys through time. Man, disenthralled from the slavery of ignorance by education, and brought into an intelligent and friendly recognition of the surrounding universe, finds that the winds and the waves, sun, moon, and stars, and all the elements of nature, clothed with such tremendous power, become his willing vassals; that the properties of minerals and plants, which poison the ignorant, have for him medicinal and healing virtues; that the stones and the beasts of the field are in league with him; that far-off worlds dart down upon him friendly glances, across the abysmal spaces — yea, that the whole universè of God

smiles upon him with an eloquence of sympathy and beauty. Thus, man finds himself infolded on all sides by the mighty energies of nature; inflexible laws gird his mind and body. If he refuses or fails to adjust the order of his life to this established order of nature, she becomes an avenging Nemesis, armed with a whip of scorpions, ready to inflict upon him pain and suffering. On the other hand, if he organizes his thought and volition into conformity with external realities, they become his ministering angels, ready to supply his wants, to energize his body with the vigor of health, and to fill his mind with the light of knowledge. The only liberty which man has, or should wish to have, is the liberty of living in harmony with the laws of nature, of shaping his character in the pattern of truth, and of thus growing into an harmonious and symmetrical development, intellectually, morally, and spiritually. The horizon of the world grows and expands with the growth of mind, and with a growing mind there is ever an increasing freedom.

Passing from the world of nature to the world of *man*, we come first to the *family*, in which are contained the germs of all that finds a full development in the community and the State. The enviroing world of infancy is the family which, as the matrix of the mental organism, should furnish the pabulum on which its unfolding intelligence feeds and grows. As is the mental life of the family, so will be that of the child. As an injury done to the chrysalis perpetuates itself in the fully developed butterfly, so family influences leave an indelible impress on the young and growing organism of infancy. It is then that the sensitive mechanism of nerve-cells and fibers catch up and organize those mental *residua* or traces which grow with our growth and strengthen with our strength, and

“ Which neither listlessness nor mad endeavor,
Nor man nor boy,
Nor all that is at enmity with joy,
Can utterly abolish or destroy.”

Hence, it is largely from the family environment that the

mental organism obtains those predispositions and tendencies which shape and control the whole after-life.

We next have the complex social relations of life in the form of the *community* and the *State*, to which man must adjust himself by true educational methods. A highly developed social organism lays the most severe tax on head and heart; and as this social fabric acquires an increasing complexity through an advancing civilization, there is demanded an increasing mental development to enable the individual to respond to its multitudinous relations. Those that fail to keep pace with this advancing civilization must fall more and more out of harmony with the relations in their social environment, and finally go to swell the mighty army of Crime and Pauperism, which even now begins to threaten the stability of society. The keen and fierce competitions in all departments of business demand the highest skill, energy, and talents to achieve success. The various duties arising out of complex social relations — political, moral, and religious — demand, not only a highly developed intellect, but also a highly developed moral nature, and a trained will which shall be a law unto itself.

Passing from the physical and social elements in man's environment, we come to those that are spiritual, or religious, towards which the highest and purest instincts of the soul gravitate. Hence, that man's mental adjustment may be complete, lacking nothing, it is not only necessary that the facts and relations of the physical and social world should be transformed into ideas, but that moral and spiritual truth should be thoroughly wrought into the structure of his thought. Hence, that he may be in full harmony with the entire outlying universe, with both the natural and the supernatural, he needs to be educated into an adjustment to the spiritual or religious relations in his environment.

Man, unadjusted to the spiritual realities in his environment, is out of harmony with the higher realities of the universe; his bosom is the seat of conflict, and his heart is

a stranger to that calm and holy peace which is obtained only through communion with the Infinite. It has been truly said that "religion is the philosophy of the heart; philosophy is the religion of the head."

But, as already indicated, this outer sphere of being is correlated with the inner mental sphere. The constitution and form of things demand a definite constitution and form of intelligence. A characteristic of life is expression—a striving to unfold its ideal form, which ever hovers over it, which directs and controls its processes, and which, at each advancing stage of the vital movements, attains to a fuller realization of itself. When we contemplate the forms of animated nature, we see every tree in the forest, every green blade of grass, and every leaf, striving to realize its ideal, which points to perfect curves, forms, and arrangement of parts. In vital dynamics, structure determines function. Plants which begin their career with one cotyledon are endogenous, or inside growers, while those that start with two cotyledons are exogenous, and are compelled to grow by additions made to the circumference of their stems. We thus see that an embryonic structure, or pre-arrangement of form, initiates a form of vital activity which determines the entire future morphology of the tree. Like the other manifestations of life, mind also unfolds according to a pre-established plan or pattern. "In a human being," says Professor Bain, "the circumstance of being acutely sensitive in one or two leading senses may rule the entire character, intellectual and moral."

The mind, as an organism, has a definite structure, and special faculties, through the reciprocal activity of which the organic unity of consciousness is maintained and advanced through its different phases of development. Hence, just as the body tends to grow into the normal physical type of the race by virtue of the innate tendencies impressed upon it, so does the human mind tend to grow into correspondence with the external, knowable world, by virtue of

the primitive, innate tendencies with which it begins its conscious life. We touch here upon one of the great problems of speculative philosophy in all ages. The greatest thinkers of the earth, such as Plato, Kant, Leibnitz, Swedenborg, Hegel, and Spencer have been deeply impressed with the analogy or correspondence which subsists between the world of mind and the world of things. How mind, as thought existing in time, can grow into correspondence with the external world, which reveals itself as extended in space, is one of the great mysteries arising out of man's dual nature. Plato would solve the mystery with the doctrine of archetypal ideas, which the soul has acquired in a prior state of existence, so that all knowing is a reminiscence or revival of pre-existing ideas. Leibnitz maintained that this correspondence between the two worlds is due to a pre-established harmony, concerted and arranged in the beginning of creation, so that though mental phenomena coincide in time with external phenomena, they, like two clocks made to run together, have no real connection with each other. It was maintained by Swedenborg that the natural and the spiritual world correspond because the former has been developed out of the latter. A popular theory of modern times is the one advanced by Herbert Spencer — that this correspondence is due to the moulding effects of the external world upon the internal, through countless generations. But these are questions which belong to speculative philosophy, and not to the practical science of education.

The practical teacher starts with the fundamental principle that the mental organism, when brought under right educational influences, can be made to grow and develop into an harmonious adjustment to the external world.

But this correspondence does not imply a similarity of nature. There can be no similarity of nature between the two worlds, the *ego* and the *non-ego*, for the reason that the essential nature of one is thought, while the funda-

mental attribute of the other is extension. Between such there can be no identity or similarity of nature. The adjustment, or correspondence, consists in a similarity of relations, cognitions, and feelings within, following one another in the same order in which their objects follow one another without. Through the external bodily senses, impressions are conveyed from the outside world to the mind. Through the self-activity of mind these crude sensations are elaborated into perceptions, ideas, and conceptions; so that there is thus established an internal connection in thought answering, or echoing, to an external connection in things — a sensation with its awakened idea corresponding to a property and its object.

To perfect and widen this correspondence, to organize an internal consciousness into conformity with the external order of the world, is the formal end of all education and training. The mother acts on this principle when she teaches her infant that fire will burn, and must, therefore, be avoided. Until this internal connection has been established in the child's mind, corresponding to the nature of external realities, it needs the oversight of a developed intelligence to preserve it from destruction. Education is, therefore, a constructing, organizing, and developing process, by which the mental world is made to assume a definite and specialized form of intelligence.

The world without derives its meaning from the world within; while the world within, by organic adjustment, finds its ideal form in surrounding conditions and limitations. As is the outer sphere of being, so should be the inner mental sphere. In the inner mental sphere we find the efficient cause of education known as spontaneity, or self-activity; while in the outer material sphere reside all the conditioning means and causes of culture and development. It is also, as already indicated, in the outer sphere of being, with its forces and relations, that we find the true and tangible form of education as adjustment. The educa-

tional process has for its design to change all the good qualities of human nature from the potential to the actual, while it aims to suppress, so far as possible, its bad qualities. But we can change the qualities of a thing only by changing its structure. The seed can develop into the complex form of a tree only by assuming a negative and dynamic relation to itself, in consequence of which it throws off its old structure and rises into a new and higher one. The intelligent teacher is ever endeavoring by the educational process to raise the mental organism into a higher, fuller, and more complex structure, which shall be, as near as possible, a pattern or counterpart of the outer sphere of being. Thus, the external world, into the relations of which the mind should be made to grow, furnishes the teacher with the *worn* according to which he is to work in laboring to produce an ideal of culture and development. One of the great evils besetting the educational work is a vagueness and indefiniteness arising from the want of an ideal form according to which the whole process is to be directed. To frame an educational theory according to some preconceived idea, with no reference to the enviroing world of stern realities, in the midst of which the mind is destined to move, would be like constructing a ship according to certain preconceived ideas of form and size, with no reference to the seas in which the vessel is destined to sail. When the forms of thought and feeling do not correspond to the forms of external realities so as to respond to them in their true nature and relations, there is then a false mental adjustment. A popular educational theory respecting the form of mental development consists in regarding it as a specializing process for some business pursuit. This confounds education with learning a trade. It cannot be determined what sphere of practical life the child will be best qualified to fill until his tastes, native talents, and aptitudes have been developed by education. It may be said that so high an educational ideal cannot be realized.

The reply is that education is an unfolding and organic process, which aims to realize an ideal of growth and development.

The teacher, as an artist, should ever have before him this perfect ideal by which to work, though it may never be fully realized in any one individual case. The mental development will at least be symmetrical, and the character well-balanced. On the other hand, if some of the mental faculties have become atrophied through a want of exercise on their appropriate objects, or if others have been abnormally developed through excessive exercise, then a symmetry and deformity of mind are the result; and the character will be a compound of strength and weakness. That such mental monstrosities do not more frequently occur is owing to the fact that nature is stronger even than all our educational blundering.

We turn to the dynamic phase of mental adjustment. "It is not man's function in life to think and feel only; his inner life he must express or utter in action of some kind — in word or deed." Mind not only acts upon the impressions which it receives from the external world by recasting these into the forms of thought, but also outwardly by reprojecting its elaborated ideas into the material forms of nature. Mind, in adjusting itself to the natural and established order of things, is passive as regards external forces, though it has a negative and dynamic relation to itself. But in acting outward upon nature through the *will*, mind assumes a negative and dynamic relation to the external world, changing and modifying it according to preconceived ideals. In the passive phase of mental adjustment, mind becomes changed and modified, by growing and developing into a correspondence with the external established order of things; in the dynamic phase, mind, as an aggressive force, moves outward upon nature, causing it to pass into a higher form of development, by coming into correspondence with the ideal, spiritual world. This constitutes the prac-

tical will-side of mind, as manifested in art and in the ethical relations of life. As the individual mind, by growing into conformity with the outer sphere of being, reflects an image of the world, so the creations of the will of collective humanity, in the form of art, language, and the institutions of society, reflect an image of mind, as this appears as a living and ever-active force in the historic movement of the world. In education, the individual mind, in order to adjust itself to this part of its environment, must assimilate these concrete reflections of the mind of humanity, and bring its own thought into correspondence with them. The very portals of the temple of knowledge are hung round with signs and symbols, which to the young learner are strange and mysterious, but to which he must adjust the order of his thought, in order that he may bring his mental life into harmony with that of humanity. The life and spirit of the past, by a kind of metempsychosis, are thus made to reappear in the mind of the individual — becoming life of his life, and spirit of his spirit.

As a large part of the mental life of humanity is reflected in its languages and literature, it is with good reason that a large part of education is made to consist in adjusting the mind of the young learner to the forms of human speech and expression. As to one's mother-tongue, this is the vehicle of the soul — the thought and the feeling of the race to which he belongs. "Without any formal instruction, the language in which we grow up teaches us all common philosophy of the age."

Thus, as the world of mind is developed by an afferent ingoing movement of forces upon it, so the world of nature, through an efferent outgoing movement of mind upon it, becomes moulded into forms of use and beauty. Through the energies of will the boundaries of the world are enlarged, and the dark horizon of necessity becomes the ever-expanding and very brightening circle of liberty and knowledge. Fate, which to the ancient mind controlled the des-

tiny of gods and men, becomes transformed into the beneficent working of law and man — no longer overawed and prostrate in the presence of external forces, forges an archangel's spear out of knowledge, and asserts his claim to the empire of the world.

From this view of education as an organic adjustment to the external order of things, we derive, as a corollary, the true theory of moral training. The problem of moral education finds its practical solution in developing and organizing a moral consciousness into correspondence with the external order of the moral world. Though the different schools of ethics have not yet been able to settle among themselves in what the essence of morality consists, yet we can have no difficulty in determining the right method of procedure in moral education. The moral nature must be developed into correspondence with the order of the moral world, through the power of ideas which have become an organic part of the mental structure. There should be generated in consciousness an ideal connection between moral conduct and its results, as indissoluble as are the intuitions of cause and effect, as these operate in the physical world. But it should be remembered that the ideas which control the moral life are not those which have been passively and mechanically received into the mind. A man is morally what he is, not on account of any particular set of ideas, be they ever so true and important, which may have happened to pass through his mind at some particular period of his life. Of all miraculous mistakes in education, the one that bears the palm is the effort to make men morally good by merely *teaching* them certain abstract doctrines concerning right and wrong. It is not so much the intellect which needs to be attended to as the ingrained habits of life, which must be built up slowly and laboriously by setting in motion the entire machinery of life, organic and psychic, physical and mental. Hence, moral training is a vital and organizing process, resulting in moral stability and

equilibrium of character which, like all the other products of life, remain a fixed and permanent quantity.

The moral nature, of all the elements of character, is the longest in arriving at a completed development, for the reason that it is the fruitage of a mature judgment and a well-poised will.

But since an organ which is the longest in arriving at a completed development is most subject to the modifying influences of external forces, it follows that if the mental organism is early placed under favoring circumstances, habits of industry, economy, perseverance, temperance, and honesty, which are the essential elements of a good moral character, it can be organized into stational and permanent products, so that an upright life will become automatic in its action, and, hence, easy and voluntary.

Again, it is a law of life that it ever tends to express its energies along the line of least resistance, just as all other forces, so that it takes on itself a form of activity which meets with a pleasurable and fostering response in its environment. Applying this principle to moral training, the environment should be such as to oppose a stubborn resistance to evil tendencies, and to organize in consciousness an abiding conviction that life can find no expression in the ways of evil, but only pain, suffering, and death. "Hunger and thirst, heat and cold, pleasure and pain, sympathy and shame, pride, love, hate, terror, awe — such," says Tyn-dall, "were the forces whose interaction and adjustment, throughout an immeasurable past, wove the triplex web of man's physical, intellectual, and moral nature, and such are the forces that will be effectual to the end."

J. M. LONG.

BOOK REVIEWS.

SPEECH OF HON. JOHN P. JONES. Washington. 1878.

As the question of the currency promises to play an important part in the politics of the immediate future, all statements from men who have ideas must be welcome to the "intelligent voter" of the "better class." Senator Jones, in this speech, furnishes another illustration of the superiority of actual acquaintance with a subject over the repetition of the purely speculative ideas of those who furnish the staple of our political economy. As it is popular in the Eastern centers to charge dishonorable motives upon all who differ in opinion, and as we have many in the West and South who look for their opinions to the "centers of intellect," whether at home or abroad, an acquaintance with this speech will serve, at least, to disabuse the general reader. Senator Jones briefly states the objections to the silver coinage under the two heads of a question of principle and a question of fact. "First, as a question of political ethics, are governments morally bound, in respect of their own debts, or generally in respect of the relation between debtor and creditor, to maintain not only invariability in the coin standard — meaning thereby weight and purity of metal — but also to maintain invariability in the commercial value or purchasing power of such coin?" In this single sentence Senator Jones clears the whole question of false issues, and leaves himself at liberty to consider the question of fact. Even if one be committed to a different view, he cannot fail to receive many useful suggestions from the lucid statements of one who has by his own success given evidence of skill in finance, and whose opinions must, therefore, be treated with respect. This brief note is written to call attention to the pamphlet while it is yet easily accessible, in the hope that a few, at least, may use reasonable effort to acquaint themselves with the arguments which are to control the discussion of the question of the currency.

EDITOR.

ADDRESSES AND PROCEEDINGS OF THE NATIONAL EDUCATIONAL ASSOCIATION. 1877.

The series of papers presented at this meeting has a wide range, and a somewhat unusual general interest. I. The president, M. A. Newall, of Maryland, in his address, expresses a feeling of the necessity for our adding to our schools as they exist, so that there shall be "public workshops where boys can learn trades, as well as public schools where they can learn letters." He argues this necessity from the fact "that those who labor with their hands form so large a majority of the number to be educated, (?) and because those who are not destined to manual labor have always been able, when they desired it, to procure education outside of the public-school system." (?) Upon these two assumptions Mr. Newall proceeds to say: "The public school does not penetrate deep enough to reach the lowest strata of society — practically does not meet the wants of those whom it does reach." (?) "The present programme, as a whole, is well fitted to prepare the pupil who completes it for the ordinary duties of life; but one needs to be fitted to step out, and not to step on." As improving upon present methods, Mr. Newall suggests that, instead of learning to spell, pupils should be taught only the spelling of the words which they use; that for an ability to read print there be substituted "reading as a means of information;" the positive and systematic instruction in morals and the elements of political economy, to be added to present studies. II. Professor A. B. Stark read a paper upon "The Place of English in Higher Education." This paper endeavors to persuade educators to replace Latin by the comparative and historical study of English. The professor is not much worse than those from whom he has received his stimulus. III. Professor W. R. Garrett: "The Limits of Education." IV. Professor L. S. Thompson, of Sandusky, Ohio: "Some Reasons why Drawing should be taught in our Public Schools." V. Professor W. R. Webb, of Calleoka, Tennessee: "The Relation of the Preparatory School to the College or University." The conclusion reached is that the university should foster, instead of trying to compete with, the public school. VI. Professor Wm. Le Roy Brown, of Vanderbilt University, contended for the "Elective System of Study in Colleges;" while President

Noah Porter supported the class, or anti-elective, system. VII. Professor Caskie Harrison, of the University of the South, presented a paper against the "American Revision and Adaptation of Foreign Text-Books." VIII. Normal Department: Opening Address, by Louis F. Soldan, of St. Louis. IX. J. C. Greenough, of Rhode Island, presented a paper upon "Common-School Studies in Normal Schools." X. Reply, by Miss Grace C. Bibb, of St. Louis, to Attacks upon Normal Schools. XI. S. H. White, of Illinois: "A few Queries concerning some of the Details of Normal-School Work." XII. Zalmon Richards, of the District of Columbia: "The English Language in Elementary Schools." XIII. R. H. Rivers, of Tennessee: "Moral Training." XIV. John Kraus: "The Kindergarten in America." XV. S. R. Thompson, of Nebraska: "Relations of the Common School to Industrial Education." XVI. Professor Fairchild, of Michigan: "Systematic Manual Labor in Industrial Education." XVII. Professor Runkle, of Boston: "The Russian System of Mechanical Art Education." XVIII. Professor C. O. Thompson: "The Relation of Manual Labor to Technological Training." XIX. Professor Thomas R. Price, of the University of Virginia: "The Study of English as introductory to the Study of Greek and Latin." This is another plea for the substitution of philology for the elements of Latin and Greek in a preparatory education. XX. Professor E. C. Hewitt, of Normal, Illinois: "The Range and Limits of Normal-School Work." XXI. J. C. Greenough, of Rhode Island: "Common-School Studies in Normal Schools." XXII. Grace C. Bibb, of St. Louis: "Reply to Attacks on Normal Schools." XXIII. S. H. White, of Illinois: "A few Queries concerning some of the Details of Normal-School Work."

EDITOR.

NEW PRACTICAL ALGEBRA, ADAPTED TO THE IMPROVED METHODS OF INSTRUCTION IN SCHOOLS, ACADEMIES, AND COLLEGES. By J. B. Thomson, LL. D. Clark & Maynard, Publishers, New York. 1878.

This is a new text-book on a subject now quite extensively studied by advanced classes throughout the country. A multitude of authors have endeavored to meet the needs of our higher schools in this branch of learning; each new effort implies a doubt of the

complete success of previous efforts. This author claims to have made the study of algebra both easy and practical. We have taken time to read this book carefully through, and we must say the book possesses two very obvious merits: The publishers have spared no pains to make the book attractive in appearance, and the author has endeavored to compress the subject-matter into very small compass. The paper, the binding, the printing, cannot be too highly commended. Brevity has been attained, we think, at the expense of some of the more important features of the science. The first 200 pages of the book contain no problems more difficult of solution than many found in Stoddard's *Intellectual Arithmetic*. Those problems whose solution gives toughness to the mental fiber of a pupil seem to have been carefully excluded from the book. We do not believe in making a text-book for schools a magazine of difficulties; but we do not think a pupil should be led to think he has a knowledge of algebra without having encountered and overcome some of the usual difficulties found in this study. While we think this book will certainly fail to give pupils that command over the algebraic analysis which is the main object of the study, we must congratulate the author on the neat, and in some instances the elegant, manner of presenting the more common features of the science.

Some inaccuracies in thought and in expression have been overlooked in this first edition. On page 47, article 112, we find, $-a \times -b = +ab$; hence, $-ab \div -b = +a$. It should read, hence, $+ab \div -b = -a$. On page 62, article 140, 4^o. This principle is not true as stated. The author makes a forced application of this principle in solving example 4, page 65; but he unconsciously applies the correct principle in solving a similar example (No. 5) on page 66.

On page 71, article 159, we find: "The value of 6 thirds is $6 \div 3$, or 2 thirds." Of course the author does not mean this. On page 140, note, the author speaks of the Binomial Theorem as an *invention* of Sir Isaac Newton. No adequate discussion of this beautiful theorem is attempted. On page 148 we find: "If a^4 is divided into four equal factors, one of these equal factors may properly be expressed by $a\frac{1}{4}$. Few pupils ever would be misled by this error. They might possibly be led into error by the following, found on the next page: "*Decimal indices form the basis of logarithms.*" In no sense whatever can decimal indices be cor-

rectly said to form the *basis* of logarithms. The author says, correctly: "*Reduction of radicals is changing their form without changing their value.*" He presently reduces \sqrt{a} to a rational quantity by changing it to a simply. This is calculated to confuse pupils, instead of enlightening them. We had intended to notice a number of other minor inaccuracies, but we let them pass in order to notice a serious misconception on the subject of *infinitesimals*. From the very nature of infinitesimals they approach zero as their limit. No mathematician now claims that they ever reach that limit. It is, then, illogical to treat them as though they have at any stage absolutely no value. The author falls into this old fallacy. Without seeing that the correct result is due to what is known as the compensation of errors, he says that because these quantities are very small, they may be rejected in our calculations as having absolutely no value whatever. A similar error in logic underlies his argument in finding the formula for the sum of a converging infinite series, page 231. The formula may readily be derived by a very simple process which is rigorously logical.

We presume that in a second edition all these inaccuracies which now mar, to a greater or less extent, the value of this work, will be corrected. We only regret that a book which is in so many respects excellent should have to encounter *any* adverse criticism.

G. E. SEYMOUR.

HARVARD COLLEGE. Report of the Committee to visit the Academical Department in 1876-1877.

I. In regard to the election of studies, the committee suggest doubts as to the expediency of making the option so large. II. The committee inquire whether any measures can be taken to awaken more intellectual life and vigor among the generality of the students. III. The committee report upon the sanitary condition of the college, and upon other matters of purely local interest. IV. They pass in review the state of instruction in moral and intellectual philosophy, rhetoric and English literature, history, the classics, modern languages, mathematics, physics and chemistry, natural history, the fine arts, and music. EDITOR.

THE RISE OF THE PAPAL POWER. Traced in three Lectures. By Robert Hussey. Oxford: Clarendon Press. 1863.

During the present unrest in all matters theological, Mr. Hussey's lectures will have a peculiar interest for the general reader.

In the discussion of the claims of the various churches, the inaccessibility of materials for a rational judgment has led many to decide in ignorance of the facts in the case. These lectures, having originally been delivered to his students at the university, constitute a popular presentation of the fruits of a ripe scholarship, and, therefore, bring us in easy communication with the grounds occupied by the theologians of the Episcopal Church. EDITOR.

REMINISCENCES OF SCOTTISH LIFE AND CHARACTER. By E. B. Ramsay, Dean of Edinburgh. New York: R. Worthington. 1877.

The many Scotchmen who in their new country annually celebrate the anniversary of their national poet will especially welcome this new edition of an attractive book which appeared first in 1860. Many, however, whose ancestry cannot be traced to bonnie Scotland have learned to enjoy its national customs and literature, and will be glad of this addition to their pleasures. The range of these Reminiscences may be fairly judged from the following syllabus: I. On Religious Feelings and Religious Observances. II. On Old Scotch Conviviality. III. On the Old Scottish Domestic Servant. IV. On Humor proceeding from the Scottish Language, including Scottish Proverbs. V. On Scottish Stories of Wit and Humor. To illustrate the style of Dean Ramsay we submit these extracts: "There was at all times amongst the older Scottish peasantry a bold assertion of their religious opinions, and strong expression of their feelings. The spirit of the Covenanters lingered amongst the aged people whom I remember, but which time has considerably softened down. We have some recent authentic instances of this readiness in Scotchmen to bear testimony to their principles. A friend has informed me that the late Lord Rutherford often told, with much interest, of a rebuke which he received from a shepherd, near Bonally, amongst the Pentlands. He had entered into a conversation with him, and was complaining bitterly of the weather, which prevented him enjoying his visit to the country, and said, hastily and unguardedly, 'What a d—d mist!' and then expressed his wonder how or for what purpose there should have been such a thing created as east wind. The shepherd, a tall, grim figure, turned sharp round upon him — 'What ails you at the mist, sir? It weets the sod, it slockens the youes, and'—adding with much solemnity — 'it's God's weel.'"

EDITOR.

MEMORIAL AND BIOGRAPHICAL SKETCHES. By James Freeman Clarke. Boston: Houghton, Osgood & Co. 1878.

In this book we have readable accounts of men whose lives are too recent to be furnished by our usual sources for biographical reference, and yet who possess a greater interest because they were such prominent actors in events which are fresh in the memory of those yet living. Governor Andrew, Charles Sumner, Theodore Parker, William Ellery Channing, Robert J. Breckinridge, George Denison Prentice, Junius Brutus Booth, are names that at once suggest a desire for any information which can be supplied by such of their contemporaries as knew them. James Freeman, Samuel Gridley Howe, Walter Channing, Ezra Stiles Gannett, Samuel Joseph May, Susan Dimock, George Keats, The Heroes of one Country Town, and William Hull furnish the titles of essays upon those whose fame is more local, but whose qualities are such as to win the respect of new acquaintances. The essays upon Washington and the Secret of his Influence; upon Shakespeare, and upon Jean Jacques Rousseau, are less germane to the supposable object of the book. In times of transition, such as the present, the biographies of men of action and men of character have a special value; and we doubt not but that Mr. Clarke's contribution will be found, by many, helpful as well as of interest.

EDITOR.

THE MAGAZINE OF ART. Published monthly by Cassell, Pettes & Galpin, London, Paris, and New York. Small quarto, pp. 28, IV. No. I. May, 1878.

We greet with especial pleasure this new and really worthy effort to popularize Art. It is in no sense an attempt to compete with the superb French journal, *L'Art*, nor with the less ponderous, though equally substantial and elegant, *Portfolio* of Philip Gilbert Hamerton. It contains none of the fine etchings for which these are so justly noted, and its articles are rather of the sketchy and familiar type. But if they provide easy reading, it is reading which is also thoroughly entertaining, and the information conveyed is such as every one interested in art should possess. If, however, we are to judge from the present number, the illustrations are to constitute the principal feature of the work. They are selected with excellent judgment and taste, and are nearly all

executed with much care and delicacy. True, they are all engraved on wood, but a number of them are done with such spirit and taste as to render them, to our liking, greatly superior to photographs — not to mention that they represent subjects which, for the most part, can scarcely be had in photograph at all. The full-page prints (of which there are three, each representing a painting by a contemporary English artist) are good, though not the best. On pages 9 and 11 are two charming bits of view of rock and sky, and sea and sail, such as one in this western world would be tempted to cut out and mount for his portfolio. But by far the most important modern composition represented (and, also, the most successful engraving) in the number is "The Last Sleep of Argyle." This is from a fresco in the corridor of the English House of Commons, executed by Edward Matthew Ward, R. A. It is doubtless intended to represent the last hours of the elder Argyle, whose incorruptible character made him necessarily an object of hatred and dread to the polished, courtly, treacherous, thoroughly immoral Charles II., at whose instigation he was brought to the block upon charges of treason, supported by no shadow of substantial evidence. The scene is a prison. The turnkey has just swung back the door noiselessly, and a prince — perhaps Charles himself — has stepped into the strong chamber to find the grand old earl in a deep, tranquil sleep upon his prison bed. Even the giddy, mocking king (if it indeed be he) is awed into a momentary seriousness in presence of the mighty spirit that can approach death with such sublime composure. It is an historical incident of deep typical significance, and which the artist has portrayed with great dignity and power.

Sculpture is represented by a bas-relief from the temple of Apollo Specurus, at Bassæ; by the Venus of Milo (poor); by Michael Angelo's "Cupid;" by an ancient Egyptian statue (about B. C. 2000); and by Mr. Marshall's "From Stone to Life," the head of which, we are confident, is caricatured, rather than represented, in the present print.

The Paris Exposition receives attention in a paper which is accompanied by two architectural illustrations. The paper is to be continued.

Besides the varied and pleasing papers which form the body of the magazine, there are five pages devoted to "Half-hours in the

Studios," and two to "Art Notes for May;" besides a list of "Art Sales," notices of some half-dozen "Foreign Art Publications," mainly German.

The subscription price of the magazine is so exceptionally low as to deserve special mention. It is but \$3 per year.

WM. M. BRYANT.

THE FIRST SIX BOOKS OF HOMER'S ILIAD. By J. R. Boise, Ph. D., LL. D. CHICAGO: S. C. Griggs & Co. 1878.

This new edition of a valuable text-book represents a successful attempt to embody in available form the cream of recent German textual criticism, with such improvements in interpretation as have been suggested by the Homeric studies of Gladstone and the wonderful discoveries of Dr. Schliemann at Hissarlik and Mycenæ. The minor changes of text in accentuation, position of breathing, and use of the diæresis, are frequent; but there are no sweeping or arrogant alterations.

Especially noticeable in the notes is the new interpretation of the epithets that have been time-honored themes of conjecture and discussion among teachers and critics, *e. g.*, Athene is "owl-eyed" (γλαυκῶπις), here "cow-faced" (Βούπις); Hephaestus "strong-armed" (ἀμθηγορήεις) rather than "lame;" a ship is "many-oared" (πολυκλήεις) or "well-decked" (ἑοσέλιμος); and the ζέπας ἀμθητιόπελλον is a "cup with a handle on either side;" and so on.

What a pity it would be if the gigantic bones and the splendid golden ornaments of Atrides should prove to be naught but the comparatively recent relics of some Gothic raid into the Peloponnesus, as argued by an antiquarian in the *Athenæum*!

The references are to the grammars of Goodwin and Hadley. The paper, binding, and especially the typography, are a close approximation to perfection.

GEO. B. MACLELLAN.

A PRIMER OF AMERICAN LITERATURE. By Charles F. Richardson. BOSTON: Houghton, Osgood & Co. 1878.

The theory of "primers" of science and literature seems to be that, in the complications of modern life, many who are without leisure for special study will eagerly avail themselves of brief but reliable statements furnished by specialists. Despite the protests of those who would tolerate no knowledge less than their own,

these compendiums for the general reader continue to multiply, and, contrary to prophecy, they increase the audience for more mature effort. American literature has not yet reached a position which necessitates an acquaintance with its history; at the same time, however, there are several objects which recommend to the general reader any compact representation of its authors and their works. Mr. Richardson divides his 110 pages into four chapters, which cover respectively these periods: 1620-1775, 1775-1812, 1812-1861, and after 1861. In this brief space Mr. Richardson presents about 350 names, and he manages to convey a fair idea of the chief works and characteristics of the various writers named.

EDITOR.

“REPORT OF THE COMMISSIONER OF EDUCATION FOR THE YEAR 1876.”

This valuable report contains abstracts of the official reports of school officers of states, territories, and cities, with other additional information; articles on “The Study of Anglo-Saxon,” “The Pronunciation of Greek in this Country,” and “Latin Pronunciation,” and Statistics. Under the last title the commissioner presents “as full and accurate a statement of the public-school work of the country as it is possible for the several states and territories to give, with their present methods of collecting statistics.” The total school population in states and territories for 1876 is 14,306,158, against 14,007,522 for 1875. The total enrollment for 1876 was 8,825,185, against 8,756,659 for 1875. Ten states and five territories do not report the item of average daily attendance. The others give a total of 4,248,848.

The total number of teachers employed in public schools in the states and territories of the Union (Georgia and Idaho only not reporting) is 249,283.

The District of Columbia pays the highest average salary to male teachers, \$120 per month. Arizona pays the highest salary to female teachers, \$90 per month. In the District of Columbia, Nebraska, and Arizona, the average pay of male teachers is over \$100 per month. In California it is \$85; in Maine, \$84.78; in Rhode Island, \$87.49; in Montana, \$75; in Connecticut, New Jersey, Indiana, Colorado, and Ohio, it ranges from \$60 to \$67; in Utah it is \$54; in Texas, \$53; in Michigan, Illinois, Iowa, Ore-

gon, Wisconsin, New Hampshire, and Maryland, it ranges from \$41 to \$48; in Mississippi, Pennsylvania, Florida, Minnesota, Kansas, Tennessee, Louisiana, Delaware, South Carolina, Missouri, and North Carolina, from \$30 to \$40; and in Alabama it is \$22.

Statistics are given of 151 normal schools, having 1,065 instructors and 33,921 students. Of these, 74 are supported by state appropriations, 4 by counties, 13 by cities, and 60 by other agencies. The number of graduates from these schools during the year was 2,682, of whom 1,757 have engaged in teaching.

Of 137 commercial and business colleges statistics are presented, having 599 instructors and 25,234 students.

There were 130 kindergartens, with 364 instructors and 4,090 pupils — an increase over 1875 of 35 schools, 148 instructors, and 1,281 pupils. Only in St. Louis the kindergarten has become a part of the public system on a larger scale.

The Bureau of Education has received reports from 356 universities and colleges, having 3,920 instructors and 56,481 students — a decrease of 79 instructors and of 2,413 students.

The number of schools of science is 75; the number of instructors, 793; of students, 7,614 — an increase of 1 school, 35 instructors, and 457 students, over 1875.

The remainder of the report touches upon various subjects. Industrial day-schools, prevention of cruelty to children, compulsory education in France, and state laws relating to children are mentioned, concerning which latter topic the commissioner says: "A compilation of the laws relating to children of all the states would be of very great value to all individuals and societies to whom are committed the care, protection, and instruction of neglected and unfortunate youths, especially to educators and students of social science; and it is the purpose of the Bureau of Education to prepare and publish such a compilation within the coming year, or as soon as practicable." Some extracts are given from the report of Dr. Wines concerning reformatories in England, and the usual statistical review of education in foreign countries.

RECOMMENDATIONS.

In closing his report, the commissioner renews the recommendations made last year: 1. An increase of the permanent force of the office. 2. The enactment of a law requiring that all facts in regard to national aid to education, and all facts in regard to edu-

cation in the territories and the District of Columbia, necessary for the information of Congress, be presented through the Bureau of Education; also, that the office of superintendent of public instruction for each territory be created, to be filled by appointment by the president. 3. That the whole or a portion of the net proceeds arising from the sale of public lands be set aside as a special fund for educational purposes. 4. That provision be made for the publication of 10,000 copies of the commissioner's report, for distribution by the Bureau. 5. That provision be made for the organization of an educational museum in connection with the office, and for the exchange of educational appliances with other countries.

WM. H. ROSENSTENGEL.

THE YEAR-BOOK OF EDUCATION FOR 1878. Edited by Henry Kiddle, Superintendent of Public Schools, New York City, and Alex. T. Schem, Assistant Superintendent of Public Schools, New York City. New York: E. Heiger. 1878.

The primary object of this excellent work is "to supply a supplement to the Cyclopædia of Education," issued 1877. "The scope of the 'Year-book' is intended to be as comprehensive as that of the Cyclopædia, embracing — though, of course, with no attempt at exhaustiveness, in any single year's issue — the principles and methods of pedagogics and school economy; the administration of the school systems of this and other countries; school legislation and statistics; and educational literature and biography, including notices of distinguished educators, and others prominently connected with education, deceased during the year." Among the subjects which have received special attention in this volume are the co-education of the sexes, compulsory school attendance, denominational schools, social economy, pedagogic museums, the metric system, and school savings banks.

The "Year-book" deserves a place in the library of every teacher in the country. Its careful perusal will give to teachers a great many new ideas, important statistical and other information.

WM. H. ROSENSTENGEL.

PRINCIPLES AND PRACTICE OF TEACHING. By James Johonnot. New York: D. Appleton & Co., 549 and 551 Broadway. 1878.

In this book "an endeavor has been made to examine education from the stand-point of modern thought, and to contribute some-

thing to the solution of the problems that are forcing themselves upon the attention of educators. To these ends, a concise statement of the well-settled principles of psychology has been made, and a connected view of the independence of the sciences given, to serve as a guide to methods of instruction, and to determine the subject-matter best adapted to each stage of development."

The contents of the book are: General Objects of Education, The Mental Powers, Objective Course of Instruction, Subjective Course of Instruction, Object-teaching, Relative Value of the Different Branches of Instruction, Pestalozzi, Froebel and the Kindergarten, Agassiz, and Science in its Relation to Teaching, Systems of Education Compared, Physical Culture, Æsthetic Culture, Moral Culture, General Course of Study, Country Schools and their Organization.

WM. H. ROSENSTENGEL.

CURRENT NOTES.

THE Annual Exposition and Fair this year presented some novel features, worthy of mention. Military enthusiasm, developed by the riots of 1877, has lent to many cities a protection against similar outbreaks. The competitive drill was one of the events of the Exposition, and it is hoped that its success will insure its yearly repetition. That St. Louis did so well should render her citizens willing to bear whatever outlay of time and money is necessary to sustain or even enhance her present reputation.

IN the Machinery and Mechanical Department the display was much better than in former years; whilst the energy of those gentlemen who cared for the Art display is worthy of full praise. That so much was done in these directions this year, inclines one to the wish for better accommodations than are furnished in some departments. If greater security could be assured to holders of valuable works of art, there is little doubt that many would be willing to loan to us who cannot, at present, be persuaded to do so.

THE "Veiled Prophets" did this city the honor of their presence on the night of the 8th of October. There was no doubt about the wakefulness of St. Louis on that memorable occasion. The aged could not be prevailed upon to exercise their wonted privilege of staying at home, and helped to swell the surging masses that thronged the streets. Gorgeous processions are not of common occurrence in these parts, and that of the Prophets surpassed anything before seen. The only wish expressed by lookers-on was for more, and there is little doubt that they will be gratified in future seasons. Of the ball that followed the street display, those who were fortunate enough to attend speak in terms of highest praise.

THE lovers of fine pictures were treated to a display at the Fair Grounds this fall — a display much better than has been previously

seen in our city. Various modern schools were well represented, and the study of their special characteristics was a source of gratification to all who did not grudge time spent in self-improvement. Now that the collection has been scattered, and we are favored only with its memories, it may be in order to express briefly the general and special impressions that remain with us. First of all, there is a feeling of enthusiasm in regard to the school of painting represented by such artists as Escosura, Casanova, Jiminez, and W. M. Chase. The artists named, though varying somewhat in the importance they attach to details, nevertheless may fairly be said to paint with the same motives, namely, desire for truthfulness of portrayal, coupled with the idealization of familiar subjects. The devotees of this school are somewhat inclined to a florid style, as in the case of Martinnetti and Peralta; but their excellencies are such as to overshadow their faults, if faults they be. The inclination of modern art is towards extremes, and if the future is to unite its idealistic and realistic forms, the gain may be in excess of all conjecture.

With the beautiful specimens of French landscape from the hands of Carot, Lambinet, and others, we could not fail of being pleased. The works of the immortal Inness and his brethren of the English school claimed careful notice.

Home artists, including the familiar names of Weimar, Meeker, Miles, Conant, Marple, and Tracy, were well represented.

Time will not admit of a special consideration of the various schools of artists represented at the Exposition, and we must now mention a few of the pictures that attracted general attention.

"The Young Mother," G. H. Story, New York; "Kitten-Seller of Tunis," A. L. Leloir, Paris; "Moonrise—Isle of Shoals," M. F. H. de Haas, New York; "Attack on an Emigrant Train," C. Weimar, St. Louis; "The Panic," Jos. Coomans, Paris; "Bashi Bazouks—Alarmed," Adolph Schreyer, Frankfort; "Dispute at Cards," David Col, Antwerp; "Committee on Moral Books," G. J. Vibert, Paris; "Off California Coast," M. J. Heade, New York.

It is to be regretted that more of the treasures of the collection did not remain with us.

THE ST. LOUIS EVENING POST, in a recent issue, asks, in regard to the various modifications suggested in educational matters,

"Where shall we stop?" It furthermore displays judgment in impliedly answering its own question, in the statement: "The function of the public schools, and of education in general, is to develop the natural faculties of pupils, which underlie special occupations." If the people can be forced to ask themselves the object of all school education, they will be less subject to reforming manias, and will at once secure greater stability and less expense in their educational systems; while at the same time they will save themselves from the disappointment which has always attended, and which will always attend, the attempt to educate all children in the same speciality.

In the *Portland Transcript*, of October 12th, appears a poem by Whittier, and for the sake of the many who value all that proceeds from Mr. Whittier, we copy both poem and prefatory note:

[A manuscript copy has fallen into our hands of the following poem written by Mr. Whittier nearly half a century ago, on the death of Simon Bolivar, the hero and patriot of South America. It may serve to show what lyrics might have been expected from his maturer years, had not his Quaker scruples in regard to war restrained his pen, and rendered even his intense love of freedom subservient to what he regarded as the Christian rule of life and practice. This poem does not appear in any of the collected works of Mr. Whittier, but he thinks it was published in some newspaper at about the time of Bolivar's death. It will, at all events, be new to most of our readers. — *Editors Portland Transcript.*]

BOLIVAR.

BY JOHN GREENLEAF WHITTIER.

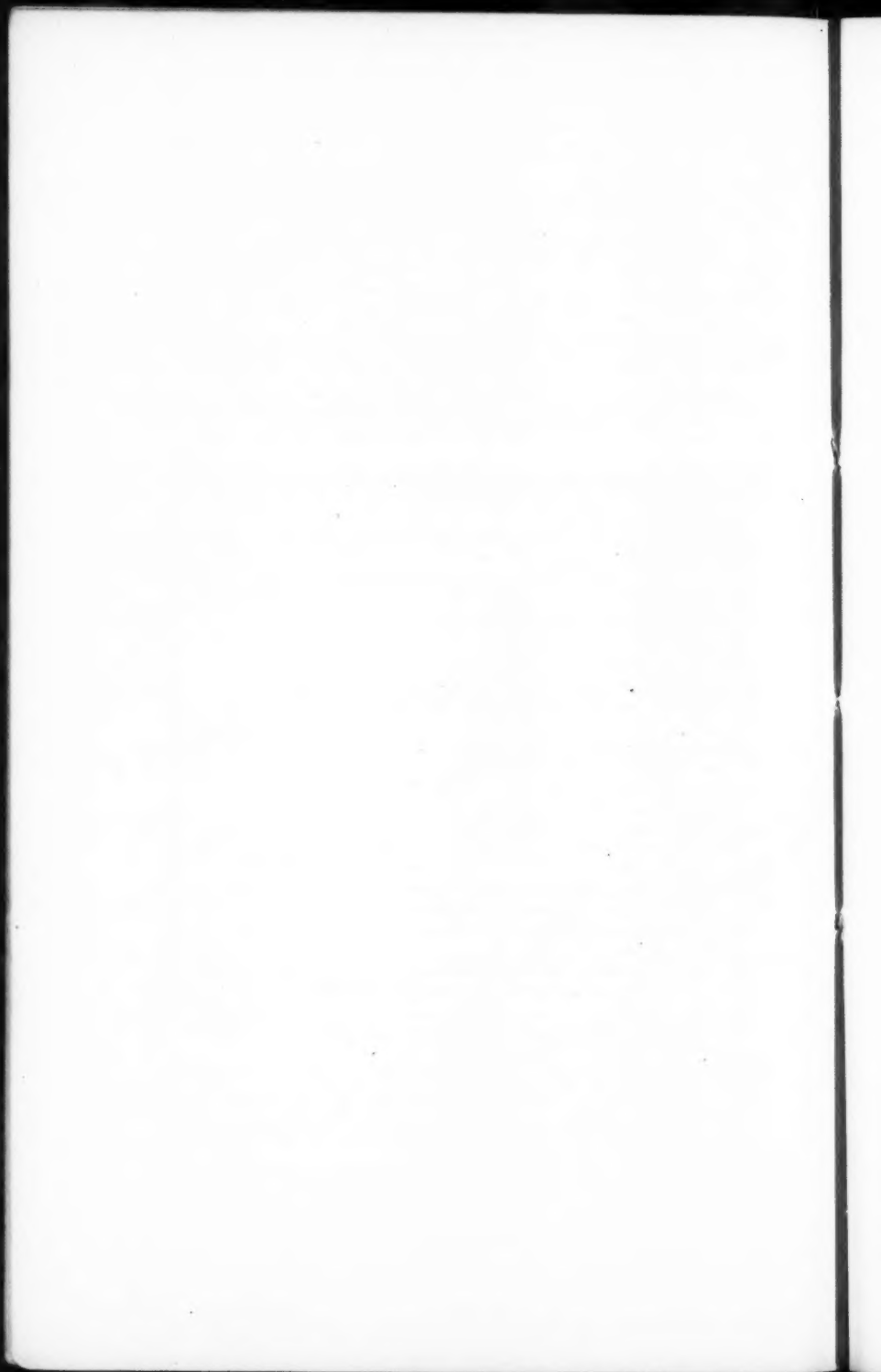
A dirge is wailing from the Gulf of storm-vexed Mexico,
 To where through Pampas' solitudes the mighty rivers flow;
 The dark Sierras hear the sound, and from each mountain rift,
 Where Andes and Cordilleras their awful summits lift,
 Where Cotopaxi's fiery eye glares redly upon heaven,
 And Chimborazo's shattered peak the upper sky has riven —
 From mount to mount, from wave to wave, a wild and long lament,
 A sob that shakes, like her earthquakes, the startled continent!

A light dies out, a life is sped — the hero's at whose word
 The nations started as from sleep and girded on the sword,
 The victor of a hundred fields where blood was poured like rain,
 And Freedom's loosened avalanche hurled down the hosts of Spain,

The eagle soul on Junin's slope who showed his shouting men
A grander sight than Balboa saw from wave-washed Darien,
As from the snows with battle red died out the sinking sun,
And broad and vast beneath him lay a world for freedom won.

How died that victor? In the field with banners o'er him thrown,
With trumpets in his falling ear, by charging squadrons blown,
With scattered foemen flying fast and fearfully before him,
With shouts of triumph swelling round, and brave men bending o'er him?
Not on his fields of victory, nor in his council hall,
The worn and sorrowing leader heard the inevitable call.
Alone he perished in the land he saved from slavery's ban,
Maligned, and doubted, and denied—a broken-hearted man!

Now let the New World's banners droop above the fallen chief,
And let the mountaineer's dark eyes be wet with tears of grief!
For slander's sting, for envy's hiss, for friendship hatred grown,
Can funeral pomp, and tolling bell, and priestly mass atone?
Better to leave unmourned the dead than wrong men while they live;
What if the strong man failed or erred, could not his own forgive?
O people freed by him, repent above your hero's bier;
The sole resource of late remorse is now his tomb to rear!



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